

* IN THE *
BRAVE DAYS OF OLD



*THE STORY OF THE
CRUSADES*

*Historical
Children's Books*

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THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD.

GEORGE T. NORTHUP.



Front.

PETER THE HERMIT BEFORE URBAN II.

IN
THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD

THE STORY OF THE CRUSADES

BY HENRY FRITH

Author of "Ascents and Adventures," "On the Wings of the Wind," &c., &c.



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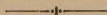
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1886

UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME

By the same Author.



ESCAPED FROM SIBERIA

*The Adventures of
Three Distressed Fugitives*

DEDICATION.



TO

ANNIE DOUGLAS LOVELL

This volume is inscribed.

WITH VERY KIND REMEMBRANCE,

BY

HER SINCERE FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

*Wandsworth Common,
August, 1885.*

P R E F A C E.

IN this Volume the ever-interesting Story of the Crusades has been told with as much lightness and as much adventurous detail as is deemed consistent with such a purely historical subject. While the writer cannot claim any more credit than is due to his re-arrangement of material in as attractive form as possible, he trusts his method of dealing with the adventurous and chivalric incidents which marked the period of the Crusades will find favour in the eyes of the young people for whose amusement—it may be instruction—he has catered. In the deeds of the leaders of the chivalrous hosts who left home to gain the Holy City, there is much to admire. The self-devotion which many exhibited, the piety of others, and the gallant bearing of all, may still teach us something, and exercise an ennobling influence on our minds even now.

In the following pages the varied adventures of Knights and

Monarchs have been recorded with some detail, and the romance of history has been by no means overlooked. The "doughty deeds" of such men as Godfrey de Bouillon, Philip Augustus, Richard Cœur de Lion, Longsword, Edward the First of England, and St. Louis of France, will surely find appreciation still. The Age of Chivalry affords considerable scope for a writer who seeks to enter into the spirit of the times which he attempts to delineate. This I have endeavoured to do in this Story of the Crusades, and what is lacking in the pen has been supplied amply by the pencils of the artists who have embellished the volume by their most stirring illustrations.

HENRY FRITH.



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IN THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD.

THE STORY OF THE CRUSADES.



CHAPTER I.

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS—THE HOLY CITY—MOSLEM AND CHRISTIAN—THE SHADOW OF THE CRUSADE.

WHEN Hadrian had rebuilt Jerusalem, which had been destroyed by Titus, the Christians obtained a footing in the city; but it was a very precarious resting-place for the adherents of the New Faith. The conversion of Constantine, however, put a different complexion upon the condition of the Christian population, and it found staunch advocates in the emperor and his mother.

Pilgrimages to the Holy City, which had from a very early period been undertaken, now increased in number. The Empress Helena herself went to Jerusalem; she caused the accumulated rubbish of years to be removed, and many of the holy places enclosed within the precincts of a church. This was quite in accordance with the spirit of Constantine,

who had in 325, at the Council of Nice, declared Christianity to be the religion of the empire.

But it so happened, as it will always happen, that as knowledge declined, superstition advanced. In the declining days of the empire, the regard and reverence for the Founder became transferred to the material objects of association with the religion He inaugurated. The Church of the Nativity, which Helena had built, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, founded by Constantine, became the end and aim of pilgrims who went to Palestine, more as a fashion than from strictly religious feeling.

Julian, the successor of Constantine, had meantime ascended the throne, and abjured Christianity. He determined to re-erect the Jewish temple; but, by what was regarded as a series of miracles, he was prevented from accomplishing his designs, and the Christian pilgrims became more numerous than ever. The roads were crowded, and all kinds of encouragements were held out to pilgrims, who were always welcomed and fed wherever they called. Thousands of pieces of the True Cross were sold or traded as relics, and made a way by barter for sharp merchants to trade in Eastern fabrics, and to devote their energies to the earthly gain which pilgrims despised.

Jerusalem had naturally increased in importance. The city was ruled by a patriarch; while churches, monasteries, and

houses were built, attended, and inhabited by the thousands who annually flocked to the holy places, and were welcomed.

This state of things could not last for ever, though it continued long. In the beginning of the seventh century (in 611), the Persians, who had never forgiven the western nations for the incursions of Alexander, declared war on the Roman Empire. Heraclius was then emperor ; but the Persians invaded the Holy Land, stormed Jerusalem, and nearly destroyed it. They killed, it is said, nearly ninety thousand of the Christians. They carried away the True Cross, and the patriarch. The Persians then invaded Egypt, and Heraclius paid his foes an annual tribute till he, some ten years after, made war on his oppressors and recovered the Cross, which he carried back on his own shoulders into the city. This day is commemorated as the Festival of the Holy Cross (September 14th).

Security now seemed assured ; but the coming of a mighty disturbance was heralded by the birth in the city of Mecca of a child called Mahomet. This youth showed a curiously religious tendency ; and, devoted to his idea of imposture, he every year retired into solitude, and pretended to have personal interviews with the great angel Gabriel.

His religion, appealing as it did to the imagination of an imaginative race—a religion which held out carnal delights in a heaven of enjoyment—did not wait long for adherents. The Koran, proclaiming that there was only one God, and Mahomet

His chosen prophet, was eagerly if not universally accepted. The banner of Islam was unfurled ; but the Prophet fled to Medina, whence he issued to overcome and to slay.

The fanatics having seized Damascus, and much territory won by Heraclius, advanced under Omar, and besieged Jerusalem. For four months they continued their operations, and the Christians then surrendered to Omar, the caliph, who came in riding upon a camel, clothed in his raiment of camel's hair. But though he raised the mosque which bears his name upon the Temple site, he seems to have been very tolerant in many ways. He, however, would only permit church bells to be tolled (not rung), and the emblem of the cross was suppressed. Mahomedans were permitted to enter Christian churches; and Sophronius, the patriarch, lamented "the abomination of desolation" spoken of in Daniel. Nevertheless, the Christians, though humbled, were not maltreated until after the death of Omar ; when, his protecting influence removed, they suffered greatly from the Mussulman.

But even under these adverse circumstances Christian Pilgrims continued to make their way by the Itinerary, already trodden by thousands of their predecessors, from Bordeaux to Antioch and the Jordan. Crossing Europe, even amid all the horrors of war, pilgrims were uniformly well treated ; the staff and the cockle-shell were passports everywhere. The danger, which was now augmented, only acted as a whet to the fervour of religion, and the glory was all the greater in success.

Notwithstanding many drawbacks, however, the general condition of the Christians in Jerusalem and elsewhere in the Holy Land was not uncomfortable, and under the rule of Haroun Alraschid, the great Caliph of the Abassides' dynasty, they were well treated. The influence and name of Charlemagne had penetrated to Bagdad, and Haroun Alraschid favoured the Christians. He even caused the Keys of the Holy City and Sepulchre to be presented to Charlemagne; and old writers imagined that the emperor had obtained them in the Holy Land itself.

Again the Christians had to encounter persecutions. Civil war reigned in Asia; the once firmly-rooted dynasty of the Abassides yielded, tottered, and fell. Five different claimants for the supreme title of "Commander of the Faithful," declared themselves "Vicar of Mahomet," and confusion reigned over all.

The Fatamites raised the green standard and determined to abase the dusky banners of the Saracen. They threatened to invade Syria and displace the old possessions. Antioch was, however, occupied by the Greeks, though little more was attempted by them with success. Jerusalem surrendered in 960, when Zimiscees, the Greek Emperor, was poisoned. Had he not died, his initiatory success might have had durable results, for the people of Jerusalem had promised him obedience. But his death put an end to the hopes the Christians had entertained, and the Fatamites took possession of Syria and Palestine.

Hakem, however, the third of this line of caliphs, persecuted the Christians one day and tolerated them the next. From this inconsistency he departed, and finally murdered the believers; so the blood of Christians flowed through the land unchecked. He did all in his power to obliterate the sacred marks and associations, while cruelly destroying all who professed belief in Christ.

But persecution did not even now cease. All religious ceremonies were forbidden; the churches were turned into stables, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre destroyed. Nature also marked this unhappy period with phenomena which were regarded as signs. Winter-storms, earthquakes, and comets appalled those who lived in places where such had been hitherto unknown. Ice was formed in the Nile; and cities in Asia Minor were overthrown by earthquakes. Curiously the whole vengeance of the Christians in Europe now fell upon the Jews instead of upon the Mussulmans who had been the cause of their misfortunes.

The impression that the end of the world was to arrive also caused hundreds to visit Jerusalem in the face of persecutions. Better die there in the odour of sanctity than in Western Europe when the final summons came. And so people of all grades, from the prince to the pauper, tried to gain Jerusalem before the end of the world came, forgetting that no matter when they died that time was the end of this world to them.

When we consider the faith that the pilgrims had we may

well be surprised. They had to pay tribute; they had to undergo many evils; they had no money, and no conveyance except by sufferance. The spirit and devotion of those who undertook the pilgrimage was wonderful, and for any good cause most praiseworthy. With the object of thanksgiving, as an intercession for a dear relative, as a humiliation for sin did men travel on foot for hundreds of miles to Palestine, and many lads were vowed to the journey by their parents while the children were yet in the cradle. A dream, a wish, a lady's command, or a desire for her favour, was sufficient at last to induce a pilgrim to set off, so great was the importance which attached to the act.

As we have said, pilgrims were always welcomed, and those who did not or could not go themselves had ever a ready assistance for those who did. To this feeling we are indebted for the numerous hospices and such refuges in out-of-the-way places—on the Alps and in desert plains. Saint Bernard's name is eternally associated with the places where he founded his refuges to protect the pilgrims from the annoyances of the Saracens, who had already penetrated into the district of the *Monts de Joux*.

A return stream of monks soon came from Syria and Palestine to collect subscriptions to enable them to relieve the constant visitors who crowded their monasteries. As the palmers grew more numerous the money was more in demand.

Each pilgrim who proposed a visit to the Holy Land carried a palm-branch and wore a cockle-shell in his hat. The branch was the token of victory: the shell a sign that the sea had been crossed. Each one carried a letter from his bishop or ruler.

So year by year the number of the devotees increased. Many men travelled more than once to the Holy Land, and women also undertook the pilgrimage. The father of our William I. was amongst the most celebrated, and history says he undertook the journey to atone for the murder of his brother Richard, whom he had poisoned. He was accompanied by a numerous "staff," walking barefooted himself, and suitably clothed in penitential garments.

At length the pilgrims became so numerous, especially the Franks or Frenchmen, who gave their name to all Western visitors, that the countries through which they passed resented the intrusion of the "Armies of the Lord." Many pilgrims were killed in 1054, when Litbert of Cambria set out with three thousand followers, and Utrecht, with no less than seven thousand men left the Rhine for Jerusalem, and were welcomed by Constantine Ducas. This pilgrimage was the forerunner of
THE CRUSADES.

CHAPTER II.

THE TURKS IN JERUSALEM—PERSECUTION OF THE CHRISTIANS—
CHIVALRY AND RELIGION—PETER THE HERMIT—THE COUNCIL
OF CLERMONT—THE CRUSADES.

BUT before the Western nations had time to congratulate themselves upon the cessation of the difficulties of the pilgrimage, a new power arose in the East, and the Christians had to bow in terrified submission.

This new scourge for those of the Christian Faith was carried by the Seljukian Turks who issued from the countries beyond the Oxus and invaded Persia. Steadily advancing westward, allying themselves with the caliphs, came the fierce Turkish warriors. The Fatamites were soon defeated, Jerusalem was taken, and a Reign of Terror set in.

This invasion was far more disastrous for the Christians than even the advent of the true Mahomedans had been. Omar had chastised the Christians with whips; but the Turks who embraced the Mahomedan faith chastised them with scorpions. The most wanton cruelties were perpetrated on the pilgrims,

who, still expectant of the arrival of the Day of Judgment, had flocked and were flocking into the Holy City. The black flag was again hoisted, and neither Christian nor Egyptian was spared from insult and slaughter. The mosques, equally with the churches, were pillaged; Mussulman and Christian blood mingled in the streets.

Not content with the possession of Palestine, the Turks overran Asia Minor and threatened Europe. Nicea was the seat of government where Solymán ruled, so within sight of the city of Constantine the invader had already a local habitation. In Palestine the extortion and cruelty of which Christians were the victims still continued, and but a comparatively few of thousands of pilgrims to the Holy City returned to relate the terrible condition to which all had been reduced.

Such news as this, accumulating horror upon horror, caused a ferment among the Western nations. Not only were the poor pilgrims sufferers and martyrs, but the rich merchants, who combined their devotions with a considerable earthly profit at the fairs and markets of Jerusalem, felt aggrieved at the sufferings entailed upon their pockets. The ships no longer went out to encounter the storms of the sea, when Turkish hordes blocked the high-roads and the mountain-paths, pillaging caravans, and selling the traders as slaves. Thus, independently of the atrocities of the Turks committed upon the pilgrims, the merchants had a grievance and gave it vent.

It was felt by all classes that a speedy and terrible vengeance must be inflicted upon the Infidels by the people of the West. Sylvester II. had long before this made an ineffectual appeal to arms; Hildebrand had also advised a crusade, and Victor, his unwilling successor, had followed his policy; but the former deserted Jerusalem for his own ends, and Victor III., though successful against the Saracens of Africa, did not live to carry out his designs in Asia.

The Church had now to find an energetic leader, and one who would think less of peace than of victory. The clergy had gained a tremendous ascendancy in spiritual things, as the barons and the nobility generally had reached power by means of the Feudal System. The Church, in fact, ruled the barons, who ruled the people. This will not appear extraordinary when we remember that in the hands of the clergy all the learning of the time was held.

The priesthood, waging the conflict with the consciousness of knowledge, had a great advantage over all classes. The barons cared little for learning, so that they had plenty of fighting and jousting. The poor people had only religion to assist them, while the only appeal to religion made by the nobility was that according to the Laws of Chivalry. The very practices of chivalry separated the nobles from their retainers; so, to get up a popular European demonstration against the Infidels, some means which would unite the views and appeal to the hearts of

both classes was necessary. This appeal the clergy founded on the name of Religion and under the Banner of the Cross.

Nor was it an unfit combination, this union of Chivalry with Religion. If, as there can be no doubt, there did exist a certain number of knights who broke their vows and only made their position a stepping-stone to power and lust, there were more whose vow of devotion to ladies, and courteous behaviour with a less reckless and more honest life, extended the better influence of Christianity, and certainly spread civilization over Europe. Considerable self-denial and in many cases true devotion were prominent virtues of the knights, and even those who scoffed at the clergy believed in the future torments they preached. Even in the worst cases plunder and fighting were to be gained, so the Crusade held out hopes both of temporal and everlasting satisfaction; for, if they slew the Infidel, their own salvation would be assured. In 1095 A.D. religious fanaticism, which had been steadily making progress during the previous half century, reached its highest development. The reforms in the morals of the Court of Rome, and of the clergy, to gain which Henry II. had so ardently worked, had given the Church a new power. This fanaticism had only to be united with the military spirit of the age to become irresistible. This union was found in one individual, who was known in the East as Cuckoo-Peter; in the West as Peter the Hermit.

“Little Peter” had nothing in his appearance to recommend

him. He was born at Amiens, was a follower of Count Eustace of Lorraine; short of stature, ungainly and ugly. But he was a brave soldier, and the spark of genius set light to the train which was to shock and startle Europe, while his brilliant eloquence illuminated the track he pursued.

Nature, which had denied him physical attributes, atoned for her neglect by endowing him with a brave and fanatical spirit. He made many diverse attempts to gain human happiness. Marriage, asceticism, learning, soldiering, and the priesthood had all been tried, and his yearning and restless mind remained unsatisfied. The stir of war, the silence of the cloister, the solitude of the cell; fasting and feasting, or society, all in turn palled upon Little Peter, the Soldier and the Hermit, married or celibate.

A Pilgrimage to Jerusalem seemed to him the occupation that would most conduce to his happiness, but the effect was only to irritate and annoy him. He experienced, with hundreds of others, the insolence of the Turks, and conferred with Simeon the Patriarch of Jerusalem as to the action to be taken. "The Greeks were no use there," said Simeon.

"Give me letters to the Pope, and to other Western potentates," exclaimed energetic Peter; "record in them the sufferings of our Christian brethren, and I will carry them. I will gain audience from all the Princes, and will exhort and obtain the needed assistance to drive the Infidels from Palestine."

The devotee passed that night in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where, it is said, he had a vision of the Saviour exhorting him to arise and deliver the persecuted Christians. Next day he departed, furnished with letters to the Pope, Urban II., a vigorous pontiff chosen by the party of Gregory VII., at the suggestion of the Countess Matilda, when he was Bishop of Ostia.

This prelate eagerly listened to the animated and energetic pleadings of the Hermit. He regarded Peter as a prophet, recommended him to persevere, and bade him go forth and announce the forthcoming deliverance of the Holy City from the power of the Turks. The Pope on his part promised to bring the claims of the Christian Pilgrims before the council which he had convoked at Plaisance (Piacenza) for the 1st of March, 1095.

The Pope was not then in Rome, which was no secure place for him, in consequence of the enmity he had gained by his opposition to the sovereigns of Germany and France. But his influence was equally felt, and at the council he would ventilate the question of the Holy Land. Meantime, Peter the Hermit rode through Italy preaching the Crusade. He crossed the Alps into France, inflaming all with his contagious zeal. From city to city in Europe he proceeded appealing to all—to the passion of some, the piety of more. He pictured the condition of the Holy Places of the Christians, the terrors of the Turks, and the



PETER THE HERMIT PRESENTING THE LETTERS FROM THE PATRIARCH

glory which would be surely reaped by those who delivered Jerusalem.

“The people surrounded him in crowds,” says Guibert de Nogent; “loaded him with presents, and celebrated his sanctity with high eulogiums. In all he said or did, there was something of the Divine; so much so, that people plucked the hairs from his mule, which they kept as relics. While out of doors, Peter the Hermit wore ordinarily a woollen tunic with a brown mantle that fell to his heels. He had his arms and feet bare, eat little or no bread, and lived chiefly upon fish and wine.”

Thus, by turns, and continually invoking vengeance and pity; punishment and reward for its infliction, did Peter preach the Holy War, and with a most extraordinary success. By these means he directed public attention to the council, which had been originally summoned for a very different purpose—to condemn the irreligious practices of Henry and his anti-pope, and to assure the crown of Italy to Conrade.

But the preaching of Peter the Hermit gave the meeting an entirely different influence and character. More than two hundred bishops, nearly four thousand clerics, and thirty thousand of the laity assembled in the vast plain (probably Roncaglia) near the town. There the ambassadors of Alexis Comnenus came to indicate the danger which threatened the Eastern Empire, and to demand assistance to engage the Turks.

This the Pope and the assembled Fathers agreed to furnish. But at Clermont the real Crusade was advocated.

The Pope there made an address to the multitude in a speech well calculated to arouse religious enthusiasm, as to a people specially favoured by Providence with courage, faith, and strength. He pictured the condition of the Christians in Syria, the desolation of Palestine, and the treatment of the women and children. The Church looked to his hearers, would they disappoint her?

Loud shouts of "God wills it" were the universal answer to this appeal. The enthusiasm was tremendous. Winter though it then was (November), the people had come, incited by the previous council and by Peter, to Clermont, to advocate the Holy War. Men and women of all sorts and conditions attended, and the scene is described as most impressive when the Bishop of Puy stepped forward and received from the Pope one of the Red Crosses which had been consecrated for the ceremony.

The enthusiasm then broke out afresh. Knights and barons, in response to the Pontiff's stirring appeals, came forward, took up the Cross and fastened it upon their shoulders.

"Dieu le Veult! Dieu le Veult," and the emblem gave the expedition its name for evermore. *La Croisade* had been accepted; the Cross was to be worn. The time was ripe for vengeance, and vengeance was proclaimed against the enemies of the Cross.

Amongst the first adherents who came forward to wear the sacred emblem, were the ambassadors of Raymond of Toulouse, who on behalf of their lord promised assistance; Hugues, brother of Philip of France; Godfrey de Bouillon, duke of Lorraine, and his brothers; Robert of Normandy, and Robert of Flanders; Etienne, count of Blois, and many more of lesser rank and fame. But a whole year was accorded them to make their preparations, and to assemble the force necessary for the expedition. During that period Urban II. did not quit France. He passed the winter at Arles, and convoked new councils there and at Nîmes.

Not the least singular circumstance of the many attending the preaching of the Crusade was the rapidity with which the decision of the council was promulgated. In an incredibly short space of time the news had spread with what was regarded as miraculous agency, and for months all was preparation. Everybody without distinction essayed to join the Crusade. The maimed, the blind, the aged; women, girls, and lads, all pressed forward to enrol themselves Defenders of the Faith, and to wear the Red Cross. Debtors were released for the purpose, outlaws were permitted to return. The Church took care of the property of the absent, while priests continued to invoke the assistance of the rich and poor. Signs and portents were seen in the sky; stars and meteors fell; and all kinds of miraculous displays were perceived in the heavens. Women and maidens urged the departure of

husbands, lovers, and fathers, hundreds even branding themselves with the sign of the Cross.

The ignorance of the masses concerning the manner in which Palestine could be reached culminated in the absence of any idea as to where the Holy City was, or its distance from their own town or village. Children cried out at every new castle, "Here is Jerusalem!" while the extraordinary sacrifice of property made by thousands anxious to leave a comfortable home, was only one of many incidents of the enthusiasm displayed. Men and women would sell their household goods or trinkets, or even the instruments of trade and agriculture, to purchase weapons.

Such was the fury and popular clamour which succeeded the Council of Clermont, that the *Truce of God* had again to be proclaimed. By this peace all strife was originally interdicted between Wednesday and Monday every succeeding week, no weapons were to be used, all quarrelling with the adherents of the Cross was forbidden. But the "Pledge," like more modern oaths, was repeatedly broken and the Truce was soon shortened. This usage was first ordained to quell the semi-barbarous chiefs; but at Clermont Urban II. again proclaimed the Truce and with very considerable success.

The news of the Crusade quickly crossed the channel and arrived in England, whence many barons went to swell the masses upon the Continent who were preparing to set out for Palestine upon the Feast of the Assumption (1096). William Rufus fur-

nished ten thousand marks in exchange for the mortgage which Robert of Normandy wished to execute upon his kingdom.

In the course of the year 1096 the number of people who were ready to leave all and follow the Cross, amounted to six millions; even in the spring, only a few months after the promulgation of the Crusade, numbers were on their way. Utterly ignorant of the journey or of the perils they might have to encounter, they shod their oxen and harnessed them to little carts, proceeding to the East, expecting every evening to come in sight of Jerusalem !

The strong and valiant went in the hope of booty and reward here or hereafter. The aged and infirm pressed on to the Crown of Martyrdom, and met Death half way.



CHAPTER III.

WALTER THE PENNILESS—THE RABBLE CRUSADE—BEHAVIOUR
OF THE PILGRIMS—ARRIVAL AT CONSTANTINOPLE—DEFEAT OF
THE CRUSADERS BY THE TURKS.

AT the Council of Clermont, the 15th of August had been fixed for the departure of the Crusaders for the Holy Land. But the impatience of the multitudes anticipated matters, and the very dregs and scum of the population, who believed that the pilgrimage would atone for every sin, took care to commit as many as possible before they reached Palestine. So men and women of the most abandoned characters and of most reckless temperament were banded together in this Holy War. As they were to have absolute absolution for all their sins, they thought they might as well add to the number, and get rid of the burden for life.

It will readily be imagined that it was no easy task to lead such a multitude, and that the person who essayed to do so must be a man of no ordinary resolution. The responsibility of choosing was quickly adopted by the people themselves. In

their enthusiasm they elected Peter the Hermit, the originator of the Crusades, as the first leader of the expedition; and he accepted the leadership, of which he quickly repented.

Peter accepted the distinction thrust upon him; arrayed in his hermit's dress, and, mounted upon his mule, he took command. But the army already under him was too great to be managed without a lieutenant-general. Nearly 100,000 men were embodied, with women and children. So Peter chose a lieutenant to lead the vanguard, and Walter the Penniless was the person selected.



SEAL OF GODFREY DE BOUILLON.

This Gaultier "*Sonz avehor*," or *Sans avoir*, was a native of Burgundy, and a gentleman by birth. He had, it is said, won his spurs and dissipated his property. He possessed nothing except his military skill, which was above the average. On the 8th of March, 1096, the impatience of the Crusaders could no longer be restrained, and though but half the time agreed upon had elapsed, they were clamorous to depart. So Walter

the Penniless, in command of the vanguard, crossed the Rhine.

So long as this undisciplined horde of fanatics were passing through German territory, they met with no opposition : considerable kindness was shown them, if no violent enthusiasm was displayed ; and it was not till Walter and his following entered Bulgaria that they found their course unpleasant ; and this unpleasantness resulted from their own acts. They plundered houses, carried off flocks and herds, and killed many who opposed them.

This conduct roused the Bulgarians, who at once had recourse to arms, and fell upon the Crusaders, a large number of whom had taken sanctuary in a church. But this did not avail them. The infuriated Bulgarians set fire to the building, and more than one hundred of the pilgrims perished. Walter, the Penniless leader, made little or no attempt to resist. He gathered his thousands of " tag, rag, and bob-tail," and made the best of his way towards the Holy Land. As they proceeded, Walter asserted himself, and by some show of authority brought his men into a more disciplined frame of mind ; so he reached Constantinople without any serious difficulties.

Here the vanguard determined to wait the arrival of the main body under Peter the Hermit, which had been advancing along the same route, and persecuting the Jews wherever they encountered them. Jews were unbelievers, and consequently ranked

with Saracens in the estimation of the Christians. But Peter, who depended more upon spiritual zeal than upon physical discipline, met with less success as a leader. As soon as he



WALTER THE PENNILESS AND THE KING OF HUNGARY.

entered Hungary and Bulgaria, he learned the fate of the pillagers, and found their bodies hanging in chains. This was too much for the Hermit, and he made an unfortunate attempt to avenge the fate of his predecessor's adherents.

At Semlin, the fury of the rabble overcame their prudence, and they broke out. The city was immediately attacked and the most barbarous excesses were committed. The dread of retaliation at length cooled the flame "which the Hermit had kindled, but could not extinguish." The King of Hungary was advancing against Peter, and he wisely decamped across the Morava, a tributary of the Danube. But he did not escape scot-free, as the Bulgarians harassed him, and hundreds of his followers perished in the river.

Nor was this all the misfortune that awaited him. Advancing towards Nissa, where Walter the Penniless had been hospitably entertained, the Pilgrims fancied they would also be received. But, on the contrary, they found the inhabitants on the ramparts, and every preparation made to give them a warm, but hostile, reception. After a parley, however, provisions were granted to the Crusaders, who recommenced their journey, and would doubtless have continued it in peace had not some Germans set fire to a mill which belonged to a man with whom they had had a dispute.

This fire quickly spread, in its moral effect, among the Crusaders. It was the signal for a sortie by the citizens, who being very distrustful of the rabble army of Pilgrims, fell upon the rear guard, massacred them without mercy, and carried away all the baggage they could seize upon.

Peter was quickly informed of the state of the case, and turned



PETER THE HERMIT AT NISSA.

back to demand satisfaction, or at any rate explanation, from the governor of the town. Notwithstanding all outcries, Peter prudently sent ambassadors to the governor and demanded the restitution of the prisoners and baggage.

“Go back,” said the governor, “and tell your leader that he gave the signal for war, and I can only regard him as an enemy.”

This reply incensed the soldiery, who at once made preparations for assaulting the town. In vain the Hermit begged them to desist. They accused him of cowardice and treachery to the cause. Vainly did Peter individually implore the most violent to depart: their reply was to attempt to scale the ramparts of the town. He was despised and spurned, the soldiers and rabble pushed on, and engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict under the walls of the city.

A short but desperate encounter ensued. Wanting leaders and discipline, every man fought for his own hand. The consequences may be anticipated. The Crusaders, beaten back, were defeated with tremendous carnage. Men, women and children, bag and baggage, containing all they valued as offerings, or of personal value, fell into the hands of the citizens of Nissa, and thousands were slain.

From the scene of this disaster Peter the Hermit fled, dispirited and sad, to a small rising-ground whereon some knights had already collected, by trumpet sound, a few hundred horsemen.

These were all who had assembled of the hundred thousand people whom he had conducted across Western Europe.

All night the clarions summoned the stragglers to return under Peter's banner; and, in small detached bodies, the unfortunate fugitives began to re-assemble round the watch-fires. The scouts collected others, so within a short time some thirty thousand had united under the Cross once more. With this dispirited remnant of his army Peter the Hermit continued his eventful journey, and arrived at Constan-



BATTLE BETWEEN SOLYMAN AND THE CRUSADERS.

tinople after a comparatively quiet march through Thrace.

The miserable and defeated pilgrims, carrying palm-branches of victory, were kindly received by the Emperor Alexis Comnenus. Walter the Penniless had remained in the city, and the two bodies of Crusaders again united, but in greatly diminished numbers. The emperor advised the leaders to postpone their departure until the arrival of the knights and princes who had already taken up the Cross and were advancing eastward, and in

a personal interview the emperor urged this course upon Peter.

They accepted his invitation, but abused his hospitality. Scarcely had they been fed and entertained, when they began to pillage. Their true characters appeared in prosperity; and the emperor had no alternative but to transport them across the Bosphorus, where the ignorant soldiery already regarded all comers as their enemies. Constantinople was the boundary of their friends; all beyond were, in their finite estimation, foes; so they treated the inhabitants as such and laid a foundation for war and discord. After resting for a couple of months in Nicomedia in luxury and idleness, they fancied themselves sufficiently strong to advance into Turkish territory, and as they regarded the Turks as their natural enemies, the advice of Peter was disdained. He knew the Turks were in force, and ready to attack, and warned his men; but they took their own course, and Peter returned to Constantinople. Disputes arose among the Crusaders who had respectively followed Peter and Walter. The Lombards and Normans of Walter's force would have nothing to do with Peter's Germans, and the latter under Rinaldo seized a fort called Exorogorgon.

The Turks came and invested the place, and inflicted great suffering by their blockade. But the Crusaders held out, and would have perhaps been rescued, had not the Christian commander abjured his creed and delivered up the fort to the

Turks. All the Christians were massacred, and thus Peter's army became extinct—they never reached the Holy Land.

When the followers of Walter the Penniless heard of the defeat of their comrades, they were very anxious to be led against the Turks; but Walter would not move until Peter had given

his consent. Meanwhile the Turks patrolled the country, cutting off all the pilgrims they could seize, and making things generally very unpleasant for the Crusaders.

They could not wait for vengeance.

Walter begged them

to restrain themselves for a while, but without success. They accused him of being afraid; so, finding that his men were determined to go without him, he consented to accompany them. The army, numbering about twenty-five thousand men, marched upon Nicea, leaving Solyman quite in the dark as to their plans. Could they have proceeded in silence, perhaps a different result might have obtained. But while they were traversing a wood



TAKING OF NICEA.

the army uttered defiant shouts and cries which were heard by Solyman and his troops, who were encamped within the same forest. The Turkish leader had assembled a great army with the intention of surprising the French camp; but the Crusaders had taken the initiative, and spoiled his plans of attack.

Solyman the Lion was at first surprised at the movement of the Franks, but he quickly gave instructions to his soldiers to proceed rapidly by concealed paths to the extensive plain into which the Christians must of necessity debouch. In that exposed situation, the immense Turkish force would have no difficulty in routing the small army of Christian soldiers.

This crafty advice was followed. The Turks concealed themselves and headed the Crusaders, who advanced quietly in full assurance of victory. As they opened out from the defiles of the mountains, they were surprised to find an immense array of Turkish troops drawn up to oppose them. But, nothing daunted, they encouraged each other by cries; and, calling upon God to avenge their arms, they prepared for battle.

Solyman gave them little time for preparation, however. Bearing down with a cloud of horsemen and under a storm of arrows, he fell upon the small Christian force, which had become separated. The first division advanced bravely, and when the Turks had ridden through it, they found the other division drawn up at the entrance of the defile. Between these two bodies of desperate men the Infidels at first fared badly. Turning savagely

at bay, the Franks fought desperately, and many hundred Turkish horsemen fell. But the Turks began to kill the horses of their opponents, and once dismounted the Franks had small chance against the enemy. Disputing the ground, they were driven back amongst the hills and woods, when the news of the death of their leaders impelled them to fly.

Walter the Penniless, pierced by seven arrows, lay dead upon the plain. Reynard de Bréis and Foulcher de Chartres also fell, fighting, but not without inflicting terrible losses upon the Turks. Still the Infidels swarmed after the survivors, and, pursuing them into the woods slew them, without mercy, and took many women prisoners in the camp. All the weak and helpless were immediately slain: the young men and maidens, with an immense booty, were carried off.

With the exception of three thousand soldiers, the whole Christian army perished in this encounter; and “left but a confused pile of bones in the plain of Nicea, as a deplorable monument to point out to other Crusaders the road to the Holy Land.”



DEFEAT OF THE FOLLOWERS OF WALTER THE PENNILESS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CRUSADE OF THE GOAT AND THE GOOSE.

NOT very long after the departure of Peter the Hermit from Western Europe, other candidates for popular favour arose. We have already explained the cause of the great desire men had to quit home and kindred for Palestine, and so gain pardon while committing every sin. They indeed “served the devil in Christ’s livery.”

Amongst the most noted of the leaders of this early period was Gottschalk, a priest, born in Germany. Inflamed by the harangues of the Hermit Peter, and burning with the desire to undertake the conduct of an expedition, he induced a number of men to join him from various states. With this motley following he entered Hungary, and was received at Menburg honourably, by King Coloman. But before long the men’s true natures asserted themselves. License of all kinds ran riot, and culminated in the wanton impalement of a lad in the public square. A war ensued, and as Gottschalk’s followers were not wanting in bravery the struggle was severe. A truce was pretended by the

Hungarians; and the Crusaders permitted themselves to be disarmed and surprised. The Hungarians commanded a massacre, and the adherents of Gottschalk were slaughtered to a man. Their arms and treasure, which had been previously deposited in the palace, were confiscated by the murderers.

Later in the same summer, a still more detestable band of Crusaders assembled on the Rhine and Moselle. Such was the universal reprobation in which they were held that no leader would come forward to conduct them eastward. They were too bad to be answered for. In the absence of any human conductor, the profane pilgrims chose for their leaders a goat and a goose, whose attributes were "supposed" to be divine, and this pretence actually was in a measure accepted.

These animals were supposed to be particularly useful in scenting out Jews, for these unhappy people were the first objects of the Crusaders' vengeance.

The massacre of the Jews commenced at Cologne, under the auspices of the Goat and Goose, where hundreds of defenceless and innocent people were murdered. Public opinion was at this time, and even until the present has remained, adverse to the chosen people—a nation selected for the direst persecutions, and yet surviving the most cruel efforts to wipe it out. Numerically small, the Jews morally, then as now, wielded the hand of power with the "sinews of war." Everyone had had dealings more or less with money-lenders, and to kill those who held security

was a very summary method of cancelling the bond and regaining the property pledged.

Without saying that the Jews in those days deserved their fate, we may, without offending their memory, declare that they had excited great popular anger against themselves by many cruel and vindictive acts. Shylock's pound of flesh may or may not have had its actual original in fact, but the Jews had crucified a lad in mockery of the Saviour, and had defaced an image of the Virgin Mary. Can we wonder that public indignation broke out when such things, in addition to dislike and fear, fed the flame of passion and hatred?

After this "praiseworthy" deed, the Crusaders, Goat-led and Goose-led, came down to Mayence, where was Count Emicon, a powerful noble, in command of a number of Teutons, awaiting their arrival. The Jews in Mayence had hastily concealed their treasure with Emicon's knowledge; but, after a while, he, in command of the Crusaders, broke open the house wherein the goods were stored in company with some considerable number of Jews.

Emicon (Emicio), attended by Volkmar, a priest, broke into the Jews' quarter, to burn, murder, and pillage. Men, women, and children were slaughtered, and many mothers slew their children, rather than let them fall into the hands of the Christians.* The

* Albertus d'Aix.

bishops of Worms, Mayence, and others, however, very humanely concealed many hundreds of Jews, and much of their wealth.

We need scarcely follow the blood-stained footsteps of these blasphemers of the Cross. Every conceivable excess was committed, murder and rapine attended the army. But, when attacking the Hungarians, a panic set in amongst the Crusaders, and they were slaughtered unresistingly. The vanguards were treated equally badly by the Bulgarians, and they were obliged to run the gauntlet of European enmity. Very few lived to reach Constantinople, where they arrived in time to unite with Peter's contingent, and perished with it in the conflict with the Turks, as related.

The remnant, three thousand men, took refuge in a fort, from which Alexis released them, and sent them back to Europe, beaten and dispirited. This small body of men was the only remainder of nearly three hundred thousand, who had set out in the hope of entering Jerusalem as conquerors.

* * * * *

The period marked by the dissolution of the first rabble of Crusaders had passed: the time for a new expedition, and one of a more chivalrous character, had arrived. No longer were hordes of undisciplined men, brutal priests, or fanatical preachers to control or misdirect human passions. A better day had dawned. The red sun, which had set upon the sanguinary Hungarian plains, rose again in the glory of a new age. This

new age was that of Chivalry—the outcome of the extension



THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT.

of the Truce of God already mentioned as instituted, or rather confirmed, by the Council of Clermont. This council recognised

the institution of chivalry by ordaining that a certain oath, to the following effect, should be taken by every (male) person of noble birth who had reached twelve years of age. Every youth of good family was then bound solemnly "To defend the weak, the oppressed: widows and orphans." Women of noble birth were specially to be cared for, and the knight was to leave nothing undone to render travelling safe, "and to destroy the evils of tyranny."

The term chivalry is derived from the French word *chevalerie* (riders of horses); and till the tenth century protection had almost exclusively been afforded by the Church and the Cloister. In those Church Militant days, some priestly warriors struck out a new path for themselves, and extended their protection beyond the Sanctuary. They protected the weaker sex, and practised, or endeavoured to practise, courtesy, refinement, and virtue. By degrees this fellowship enlarged, and took a strong hold of those of noble birth. France was the cradle of the new-born institution, which departed from the Church's liberty of acceptance, by closing its doors against all but well-born individuals. The training for knighthood, therefore, became part of every noble's education. The callings—the professions—were only two, Arms and the Church, and the lads who elected the former were despatched from home at an early age, not to learn Latin or Greek, nor even to be taught reading or writing; but to a neighbouring king's court, to be initiated

in all graces and accomplishments pertaining to arms and chivalry.



GREEK EMPEROR AND HIS THRONE.

It will be interesting to the youths of the present day to

learn something concerning the education of the Pages as they were called who aspired to become Knights. We will, therefore, record something of the practices of the time ere we continue the narrative of the Crusades.

The youth of that period was at the castle or court which had been selected for him, where he was early taught modesty and obedience; hunting, riding, archery, swordmanship, and riding at the quintain, which taught him dexterity in the use of his lance. When he had mastered the rudiments, and become somewhat skilful in the management of his horse and weapons, he became an "esquire"—or shield-bearer to his master-in-arms. But these duties by no means exhausted the page's manifold occupations. He had to learn all the mysteries of hunting and breaking up the deer. He studied the haunts and habits of wild animals, and learnt how to steer his course, when benighted, by the stars. He waited and carved at table; he was taught to endure privations, and, above all things, gentleness and courtesy to ladies—a distinction which still marks the gentleman in modern society. These associations led the growing knight to revere the female sex, and when, as frequently happened, he found his love reciprocated, the youthful champion defended her name and upheld her virtues against all comers.

At the age of twenty-one the squire was eligible for knight-hood. Between twelve and fourteen he had been a page; after that a squire, armour-bearer and general valet to his master-

knight. But when he "came of age," as we say, the distinction of knighthood was conferred upon the squire in the field of battle or perhaps in private. The act of creation consisted in striking the applicant—who was armed, but without helmet, sword or spurs—on the neck as he knelt. His sponsors then buckled on his spurs and sword; the king or baron, who gave the "accolade," as the slight blow was termed, saying, "I dub thee knight in the name of God and St. Michael: be faithful, bold and fortunate." The knight then took the earliest opportunity to distinguish himself, or "win his spurs," as the phrase went.

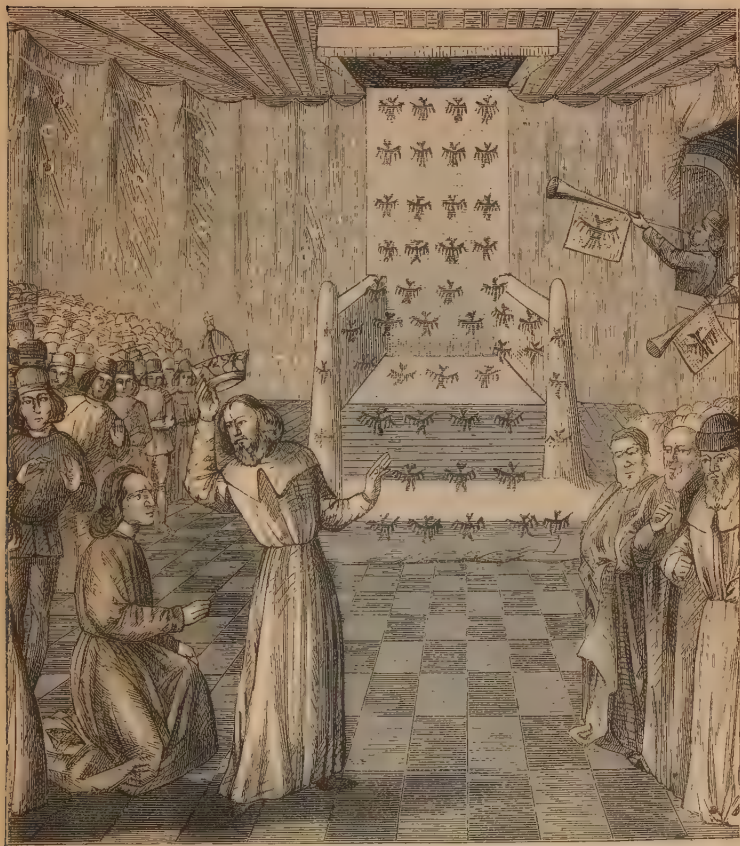
At court a grander ceremonial was observed, and in some cases young knights were left alone in the chapel of the castle all night to watch their armour, and to defend it and themselves from every temptation to leave it or have it removed. The superstition of the age invented many terrors for the postulant, and perhaps the love of practical joking also found excuses for its development under these circumstances to try the courage of the youthful watcher.

Every squire could not afford to be made a knight, which distinction included much expense for suitable following and service. So these squires became men-at-arms, and were paid for their services: often, however, they commanded troops, and were knights in all but name, leading followers under their banner—a pointed pennon, which had its ends squared, and was carried by the knight-*banneret*. This was a grade in knight-

hood, the other knights being *bas-chevaliers* or (as corrupted) "Bachelors." Thus, in theory, the knights were educated so as to be "free from pride and other deadly sins of anger, envy, sloth, gluttony," or vice. But far indeed below this ideal standard were the knights of ancient chivalry ! The morals of that age were of the grossest, and the knights were in general no way behind the age. War was their business, and fighting for amusement their occupation ; but their bravery and courage were proverbial and undaunted. Their heroic actions found full development, and their courageous deeds are inseparably connected with the Crusades. Their acceptance of the principle of the Holy War raised the tone of the expeditions.

The "brilliant period" of the Crusades threw its lustre over Europe when Godfrey de Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine, took up the sacred symbol. He had sprung from the old Boulogne family descended from Charlemagne, and was born at Baysy, in the present department of La Dyle in Brabant. When this distinguished soldier raised his banner, France and Germany sent forth her knights to bear him company. Gold and steel were amply supplied : eighty thousand foot and ten thousand horsemen came flocking to his standard. Besides Godfrey, many other nobles assembled their armies or united with each other. Royalty also had its representatives in the persons of Hugh, Count of Vermandois, brother of the French king ; Robert, Duke of Normandy, brother of William II. of England ; Count

Robert of Flanders, and Bohemond, Prince of Tarentum; Raymond of Toulouse was another and very celebrated leader;



INTERVIEW OF GODFREY DE BOUILLON WITH THE EMPEROR ALEXIS.

Baldwin, Garnier of Grai, Dudon de Conzt, and a crowd of knights who came with Stephen of Blois, Robert of Paris, and

Odo the Bishop of Bayeux. All these warriors from various nations did not set forth at once or together. We have named them in juxta-position. Godfrey was accompanied by French and Germans; the Prince of Tarentum by Italians, including the great Tancred. The Southern Knights of France were united under Raymond of Toulouse, who had fought with the Cid.

By different routes these immense bodies of men marched towards Constantinople, where Alexis the emperor was awaiting them in a somewhat unsettled condition of mind. He was afraid of the coming host, and did not greatly trust his own people. He attempted to assert himself by making Hugh of Vermandois, who had been wrecked, a hostage for his comrades; but Godfrey de Bouillon came rapidly to the gates of the city and boldly demanded the release of the count, who had agreed to take the oath of fidelity to the emperor, as he fancied other distinguished chiefs would follow the example of the brother of the King of France. But in this anticipation he was mistaken. Godfrey demanded the count's liberation, and on receiving a negative reply, his Crusaders ravaged the country and drove the population before them, like sheep, to the gates of Constantinople.

This action had the desired effect, and the emperor sent Rudolf Péel de Laon, and Roger, son of Dagobert, to beg the Duke of Lorraine to cease plundering, and the captives would be released. Godfrey consented to abstain from further violence, and continued his advance quietly to the Greek capital.

CHAPTER V.

THE SIEGE OF NICE—CRAFTINESS OF ALEXIS—THE BATTLE OF
DEGORGANHI—DEFEAT OF SOLYMAN.

THE Emperor Alexis became seriously alarmed at the advance of the Crusaders' armies. He did all in his power to obtain their homage and make them acknowledge him their master, but with indifferent success. His bribes and promises were accepted, but without any adequate return ; and as matters were growing serious he became uneasy, till a hollow homage having been obtained from most, the armies, preceded by Tancred, who despised the luxuries of the Greeks, crossed into Bithynia.

Here, according to the historian, they encountered a few of the remaining individuals who had belonged to Peter's army, and many tokens of the slaughter it had met with. The Crusaders proceeded boldly, and the Turks assembled under Solyman, the "Sword of the Lion," to defeat them. But they had a stern foe to encounter. The Crusaders came on unswervingly, and laid seige to Nice. Then the Turkish army descended from their mountain fastnesses, and a terrible conflict ensued. Albert

d'Aix, who wrote in the sixteenth century, tells us that it was three o'clock in the afternoon when the troops of Solyman descended the mountains. Count Raymond had been hastily summoned to close up with the army, on the information of a deserter, and scarcely had he erected his tents when the Infidels bore down upon him.

The first Turkish column was composed of archers mounted, and using bows of horn of immense strength. Solyman made an attempt to raise the siege at the gate, by which Raymond was encamped; but the brothers Baudouin resisted manfully, and, inspired by the ejaculations of the Bishop of Bayeux, who promised the Crusaders a speedy victory, Tancred, Robert of Flanders, Pagan de Garlande, and others plunged into the thickest of the fray. Godfrey de Bouillon and Bohemond also charged down upon the assailants, and struck right and left "like the lightning." Finally the Turks fled to the mountains in despair, while the Christians cut off the heads of their dead foes and carried them on their saddle-bows as testimony to the victory. But for many weeks the siege continued, both parties behaving with great cruelty. The wondrous deeds of the Crusaders are related with much pride by the old chronicler. Machines, to batter the walls and protect the soldiers, were rudely constructed, and occasionally caused loss of life amongst those who trusted them. One of the Turks of gigantic stature appeared every day after the manner of him of Gath, defied

the army and showered arrows upon the besiegers. He on one occasion threw enormous stones amongst the Christians, and



SIEGE OF NICE (NICEA).

exposed himself to the arrows unconcernedly. The Christians said he was the Prince of Darkness in person, and feared him accordingly. Godfrey of Bouillon, however, was of a different

opinion, and seizing an enormous bow he made ready to kill this "invulnerable" warrior who derided all attacks. The first shaft pierced his heart, and the gigantic Turk fell headlong from the ramparts.

After some time, the Crusaders were considerably astonished to find the Greek flag flying in the town, and more surprised to learn that Alexis had persuaded the Turks to yield to him instead of to the Christians, who had already, by occupying the lake Ascanius, and capturing the wife and children of the sultan, reduced the besieged to despair. They recognized the necessity for surrender, and placed the keys of the town in the hands of Tatin, an emissary of the emperor Alexis, who had gained admittance to the garrison.

This Tatin persuaded the Turks to surrender to him and through him obtain better terms from the Franks. This the unhappy garrison did, and Alexis obtain the fruit of the Crusaders' valour by his perfidy. A storm of indignation arose when the trick was discovered. The greatest indignation was expressed, and it was not until Alexis had made them magnificent presents that they were appeased. But Alexis roused suspicions concerning himself by the manner in which he also endeavoured to conciliate the Turks. So ill-feeling, already engendered, augmented considerably; and when the Crusaders continued their advance there was "no love lost" between the Greeks and the Latins. The army was again divided, one division com-

manded by Godfrey of Bouillon, Raymond of Toulouse, and the Counts of Vermandois and Flanders. The other portion was headed by Tancred, Robert of Normandy, and Bohemond.

The latter division, marching to the left, arrived in due course, in the valley of Degorganhi, or Gorgone, called otherwise Ozellis. Here they arrived on the 30th of June, 1097, and, notwithstanding some warnings, determined to push on, and encamp in the pastures. Scarcely had they dismounted from their horses, when the Turkish bands fell upon them, headed by Solyman, who had been recruiting his forces.

Bohemond, thus threatened, gave orders for battle, while he prudently sent mounted messengers to Godfrey and his host, to come across the hills to his assistance. The riders hastened away, and the conflict soon commenced in the "terrible valley," as it is not inaptly named (Ozellis). The Turks shot their arrows with wonderful force and precision, and when attacked fled away on their swift horses. The Crusaders pursued the Saracens across the stream, but the latter attacked the Christian camp, and slew all they encountered.

The women dressed themselves in their richest garments and begged for quarter, which was granted to all the young and beautiful. But Bohemond, turning upon his enemies, forced them to retire, and the battle on the bank of the river began again. Robert of Normandy, Tancred, Stephen and others exerted themselves, and by precept and example prompted to

prodigies of valour. The women brought refreshments to the defenders, and braved death in the ranks. But all their efforts were unavailing. Tancred was charging furiously against the Turks, when Bohemond in his retreat seized his friend's bridle, and obliged him to retire. Despair took possession of them all, when suddenly Godfrey of Bouillon appeared upon the scene.

The flashing arms and glinting helms of the advancing Crusaders struck terror into Solyman's Saracens. They retreated to the hills, and there awaited events in battle array. The Crusaders, when they found the condition of the camp, clamoured to be led against the foe, and so Godfrey indulged them. The battle that ensued was all in favour of the Christians, and the Saracens were defeated with a loss of more than twenty thousand men, their camp, baggage, and baggage animals.

The Crusaders' astonishment and delight at the camels and treasure compensated for many perils and wounds. Some seized the fleet steeds and pursued the flying Turks; others remained to luxuriate in the magnificent tents, or carried their treasures back to camp, singing hymns of joy and praise. Next day they reverently and tearfully interred four thousand bodies of their comrades who had perished. Many Crusaders dressed themselves in Saracenic robes, and mimicked their enemies, or filled their quivers with the arrows the enemy had shot into the camp.

Solyman, finding he could not vanquish the Crusaders,



TANCRED STOPPED BY BOHEMOND AT THE BATTLE OF DEGORGANHI.

attempted to destroy them by starvation. He collected his men, and they went through the country like a cloud of locusts, destroying everything in their way. The Crusaders, now united, found the utmost difficulty in obtaining any subsistence, and, when we consider the immense number of men in the army, it is wonderful how they managed to obtain food.

Hundreds, of course, perished; heat, hunger, and, worst enemy of all, thirst, carried them off. Women and children suffered horrible deaths, and the condition into which the living sank cannot be here related. These horrible tortures were at length alleviated. The dogs had quitted the army, and were after a while perceived returning, sand clinging to their wet paws. That they had instinctively found water could not be doubted, and the army turned aside in the track of the animals. A river was reached after a fatiguing march, and the agonies of thirst were assuaged, in many cases by death through incautious drinking.

When the pilgrims had cleared the defiles they resolved, by common consent, to divide themselves into various bands and proceed more independently. So Tancred and Baudouin, Godfrey's brother, separated themselves with their men from the main body, and proceeded towards Iconium, which was partly occupied by Christians living under the Turkish yoke. Godfrey, Bohemond, Robert of Normandy, and Raymond went

on to Antiochetta, and, pitching their tents, sat down for a time in all the luxury of idleness to repose.

Their renown had preceded them, and many offerings were made of supplies and homage. Here Raymond fell ill, and for a long time fears were entertained for his life. Godfrey also was attacked by a wild bear, and was dangerously hurt by the animal under the following circumstances :—

The duke and several of his companions had gone out hunting, and when they had become separated in the ardour of the chase, Godfrey de Bouillon perceived an enormous bear which showed every disposition to attack him, having already been excited by the presence of a poor pilgrim who was gathering berries and roots.

The bear had already been chasing this unfortunate pilgrim round a tree, when the duke came up, and, drawing his sword, hastened to his “poor brother’s” relief. The bear’s attention was at once directed to Godfrey and his horse. The duke received the bear with drawn sword, but the weight and power of the wild beast were so great that Godfrey was dismounted, and lay at the mercy of his terrible opponent.

Even under these circumstances the brave leader did not lose his presence of mind. Though dreadfully lacerated he managed to regain his feet; he attacked the bear again, and wounded him seriously. Blood flowed in abundance, and Duke Godfrey was rapidly growing weaker and weaker, when his cries brought



GODEFREY DE BOULLION ENCOUNTERS A BEAR WHILE HUNTING

to his aid one of his companions in arms, named Husechin, who came to his commander's assistance.

Between them the immense animal was despatched, but the encounter nearly proved fatal to Godfrey de Bouillon, who had to be carried back to camp, whither the bear, whose size created unbounded astonishment, was also transported.

This unfortunate occurrence still further delayed the advance of the army. Tancred, however, proceeded towards Tarsus, and by utilizing the address of an Armenian, and by lavish promises, he obtained possession of the place under the conditions that no other Christian army would interfere with them. To this end he caused his own banner to be displayed upon the ramparts, and Bohemond, when he arrived with his men, was made aware of the circumstances connected with the seizure of the place.

This action gave rise to troubles. Disputes arose amongst the Crusaders. Hearing that Tancred had subdued Tarsus in his expedition, Baldwin was annoyed that Tancred's and Bohemond's banners should be displayed upon the city walls; for he claimed at least an equal right. His suggestions concerning pillage was not acceded to, and he caused himself to be chosen master of the town. He then cast the banner of Bohemond in the ditch!

Hostilities ensued, in which the side of Baldwin was victorious: peace was again made, and then Baldwin moved upon the city of Edessa, of which he possessed himself and became

governor, with the assistance of some Armenian allies. As governor of an important town and surrounded by every luxury, Baldwin gave up all thought of Jerusalem and remained in Edessa. Here he was enabled to assist the views of the Crusaders, and the province remained for a long time a safeguard, against the Saracens and the Turks, for all Christians in the East.



CHAPTER VI.

ANTIOCH—THE SIEGE AND ITS MISERIES—THE BETRAYAL AND
CAPTURE OF THE CITY—TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS—IN BATTLE
ARRAY!

ABOUT the middle of October the Crusaders, after much suffering and in diminished numbers, came within sight of Antioch—a city ever memorable in connection with Christianity. This Antioch was one of sixteen cities of the same name, erected by Seleucus Nicator in memory of his father Antiochus and was called by Pliny, “The Queen of the East.” It was very strongly fortified, and beautifully situated upon the Orontes: the suburbs, with the Grove of Daphne, being particularly beautiful. Apart from its commercial position, the city had special claims upon the army of Crusaders in consequence of its associations with Christianity, and they regarded its possession as of great importance.

To reach Antioch the invaders had to cross the Orontes upon a bridge defended by the Turks; but these were quickly driven back, and the Christians continued their triumphant march up to the walls of the city.

Here they met a very decided check, and after inspecting the three hundred towers, the ditches, marshes, and, more than all, the Orontes, which flowed under the ramparts, the chiefs of the Crusaders deliberated as to the wisdom of attacking the city. But Adhémar and Godfrey excited the rest to advance. The prelate advised them as to the distribution of the troops under certain leaders. His suggestions were listened to, and the commanders took up their positions to besiege Antioch. But they neglected to invest it on all sides, and the blockade was consequently only partial.

The Turks, however, lulled their foes into temporary security. They made no resistance. Neither Saracen nor Turk appeared upon all the great extent of wall and rampart. The silence and indifference were interpreted by the Christians as evidences of cowardice and terror; so they gave themselves up to rioting, feasting, and debauchery, to the great destruction of their principles, and waste of food and supplies.

The ease and license of the camp were well known to the Turkish garrison, whose spies carried information daily to the city. The Infidels made a sortie, and captured some of those playing at dice, and threw their heads from the walls when they had killed the prisoners.

This sharp and cruel lesson led the Crusaders to attack the city, unfurnished as they were with machines or means to scale the walls. Their assaults were, as a matter of course, unsuccessful,

and they had no option but to leave the city, or starve it into submission. They elected the latter alternative, with a result which was very disastrous to themselves; for provisions became scarce. Winter was approaching. The Crusaders were quite unprepared for a siege; and so the weeks wore on and nothing was gained; while famine and pestilence stalked through the despairing ranks of the besiegers and carried them off by hundreds in a day.

It would serve no good purpose—and though it might point a moral, it certainly would not adorn a tale—to tell the various details of the siege. Suffice it to say that, with famine, pestilence, and death, shameless sin walked hand in hand amongst the “Soldiers of the Army of Christ.” Deprived of the means of luxury, the Crusaders intoxicated themselves with every sort of evil. Desertions became frequent. Even Peter the Hermit, whose sanctity had been founded on abstinence, found “fasting” a very different thing, and ran away. He was, however, brought back and threatened with punishment if he endeavoured to escape again.

The Turkish spies frequented the camp and carried faithful accounts to the city still well supplied. Bohemond in his rage roasted two of these spies and had them jointed like meat, and spitted, to terrorize the others, who took the hint and disappeared. The good Bishop of Puy meantime caused the land to be ploughed and sown with grain for food.

The afflictions and despair of the multitude daily increased, and moved the princes to compassion. In addition to the humane efforts of the prelate, Bohemond and the Count of Flanders were dispatched upon a foraging expedition, while the Count of Toulouse and the Bishop of Puy were entrusted with the care of the camp. The Count of Normandy was absent, and Godfrey of Bouillon was unable to leave his bed.

The princes departed, and the expedition quickly became known to the Turks, who did not fail to take advantage of the circumstances to make a sortie upon the camp. They were at first repulsed, but the Infidels returned, when an unreasoning panic set in amongst the Crusaders. The Turks slew a number of the besiegers, many of whom also were drowned in the river.

Meanwhile Bohemond and the Count of Flanders had gained possession of numerous herds of cattle, which they drove back with great joy into the camp. But the food thus easily gained was as rapidly consumed. No system was adopted for its distribution, and in a few days famine again raised its head. The Turks were fully alive to all the difficulties of the besiegers, and harassed Tancred and his men. This chief displayed the greatest courage and audacity in his encounters with the enemy, and in every skirmish brought back ghastly trophies of his success in the shape of Turkish heads, which, to the number of seventy, he sent to the Bishop of Puy.



To this courtesy the prelate replied by sending Tancred an equal number of pieces of money, which were extremely welcome to the impecunious warriors, who, having heard of the bishop's bounty, waylaid the messenger and carefully appropriated the money which had been intended for their commander, who had therefore to remain as poor as before.

Tancred nevertheless did not weary in his work, and voluntarily took upon himself duties which his comrades ought to have discharged. The commander patrolled the walls, watched by night, and fought by day, endeavouring to set an example to and spare his men by his own hard fare and untiring energy.

It was on one of these voluntary services that one night Tancred, accompanied only by his squire, encountered three Turks, mounted and armed. The Infidels advanced rapidly and fell upon Tancred, nothing doubting that they would obtain the victory. But they underrated their enemy.

Under ordinary circumstances their cuirasses and bucklers would have protected them, but they had now to do with a warrior whose lance pierced steel and iron as easily as linen or cambric. The first Turkish horseman unwittingly pressed on, and was in a moment transfixed by the Christian chieftain.

The second adversary, seeing his companion fall, waited until the hindermost of the party had come up, and then with great caution permitted him to go forward. But in vain. The foremost Turk was quickly sent to his paradise, and the third was

soon despatched upon the same road by the redoubtable Tancred, who made his squire promise never to divulge the adventure, so modest was he.

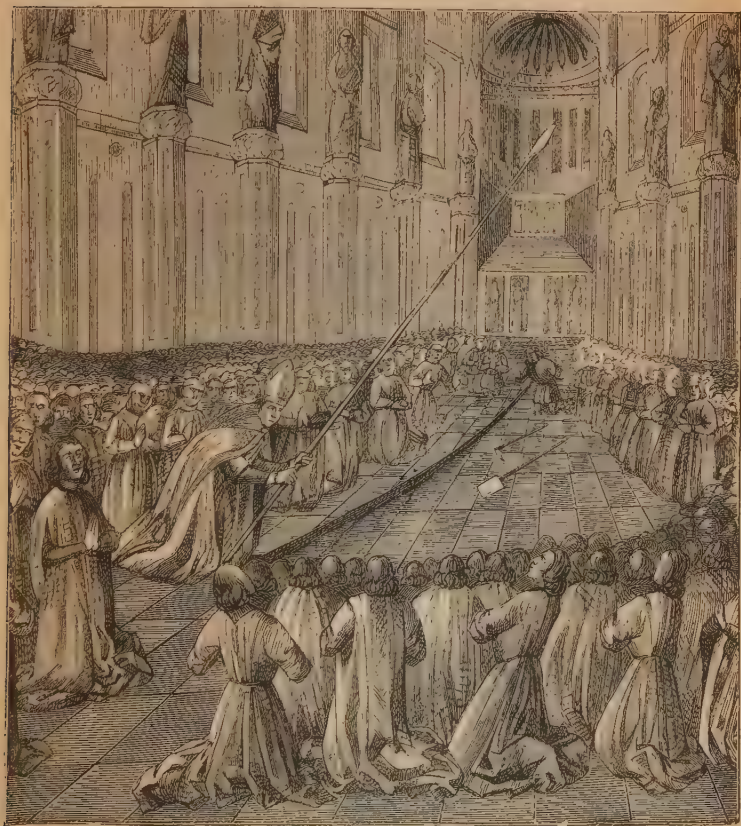
Nor was Tancred the only one. Many grand deeds were done by other leaders of the army, and a "Holy Lance" was found, according to a dream of Peter Barthelmy.

* * * * *

At length a fleet arrived, bringing succour to the port of St. Simeon, and great joy arose. A portion of the Crusaders' army hurried down and took possession of the supplies. But the Turks had also got wind of the affair, and despatched troops to seize the provisions in the mountains. As the convoy was approaching Antioch, it was suddenly attacked, and a fierce battle ensued. The Christians could not withstand the attack, and gave way. In vain their leaders sought to encourage them; Bohemond implored in vain, and at length barely escaped to the camp with the news of his defeat.

Godfrey of Bouillon, however, was on the alert, and about to march to his comrades' assistance. No time was lost. The army advanced against the Turks, and fell upon them with almost superhuman energy. The Infidels could not resist the attack. Every Crusader's arm was nerved by vengeance, and the hope of food incited starving men to heroism. What matter whether they died in harness or in camp? It was truly a fight for life.

The result may be surmised. The Turks, unable to withstand the terrible onslaught, retreated, leaving many thousands dead



DISCOVERY OF THE HOLY LANCE AT ANTIOCH.

and dying in field and river. The Governor of Antioch, perceiving their retreat, despatched a large body of his Saracen

warriors to the rescue, and, to ensure success, closed the gates behind them, forbidding them to return save as conquerors.

Godfrey posted himself with some chosen companions on a hill near the city, anticipating the defeat of this new body of the enemy. The crash of the encounter was terrific, but the Saracens could not withstand the attack. They retreated before the Christians, and were intercepted by Godfrey and his picked troops. The carnage was awful. Victory animated the "pilgrims," despair and the encouragement of the people who lined the ramparts urged the Saracens. No one received orders, they were inaudible. Hand to hand, and steel to steel, the combatants engaged; Crusaders even fought with Crusaders, so great was the confusion, and dust, which prevented friends at first recognising each other.

Bohemond, Tancred, Godfrey and other leaders distinguished themselves on this occasion more than ever. Robert of Normandy clove a Saracen through his head and neck to his shoulders with a single blow. Godfrey of Bouillon was attacked by a gigantic Saracen in the midst of the conflict, who with his first blow knocked away Godfrey's heavy shield to pieces. The champion, whose sword that day no foe had seen and lived, rose in his stirrups and, plunging at the infidel, dealt him a blow which cut him in twain as he sat on his steed. His cuirass, says an ancient writer, was cloven in two; and his body, cut in half, dropped from the shoulder on one side; the other portion



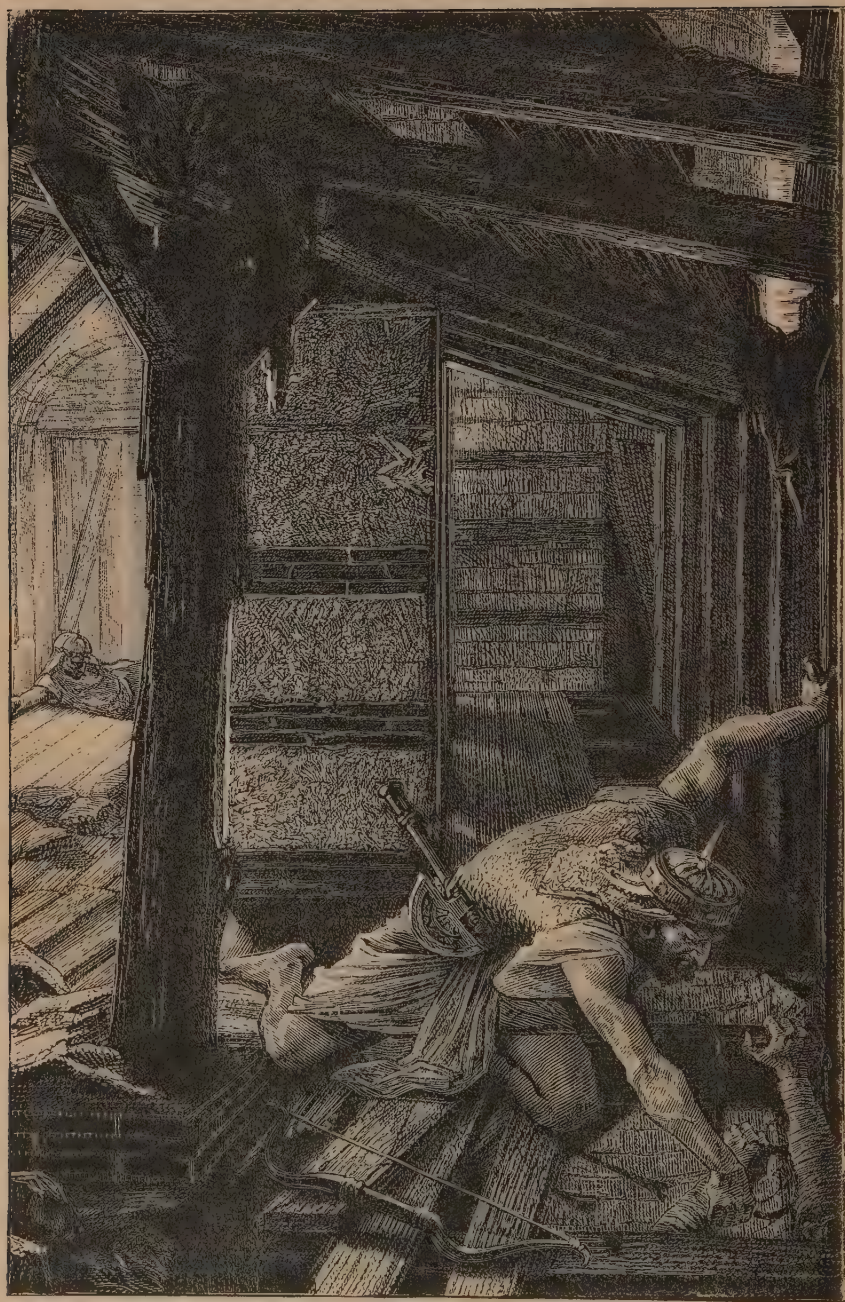
CONFLICT BETWEEN GODFREY DE BOUILLON AND THE SARACEN AT ANTIOCH.

remained upon the horse, which retreated with his ghastly burden to the city gate, where the other half fell to the ground.

Intoxicated with their success, Robert of Normandy, Robert of Flanders, Conon de Montaigu, Raymond and others, rushed upon the enemy and drove them pell mell towards the bridge, and there transfixed or drowned their enemies. It was computed that fifteen hundred Turks were killed or drowned there that March day by the bridge. So, "having massacred their enemies in the name of Jesus Christ," says the old chronicler, "the Christians returned in triumph to their camp!"

But the supplies were soon exhausted, for no control was exercised. Then dissensions arose among the Crusaders, and Bohemond became ambitious of distinction, as Baldwin had been so successful. His ambition was the cause of the capture of Antioch, which, however, resulted in terrible calamity, if final success. Bohemond had made or encouraged advances by a most ambitious Turkish renegade, and between them these worthies arranged a plot to win Antioch to the Christians. Phirous, or Phairos, the renegade, agreed to betray the town which Bohemond was to govern.

A council was called, and Bohemond then with considerable complacency proposed his plan. He told them he possessed a secret which he was about to confide to them all, by which the city of Antioch would be won. The city which for seven months



TAKING OF ANTIOCH.—THE TRAITOR PHIROUS ASSISTING BOHEMOND TO ENTER.

had been able to resist the united Christian forces, was about to yield to the address of a single chief.

Bohemond then entered on the promised explanation. He had spent immense sums of money in bribing the custodian, and so it was only fair, after he had thus exhausted his resources, that the city, when captured, should appertain to him, the said Bohemond. Those were his terms.

The assembly, with only one dissenting voice, pronounced in his favour. Raymond of Toulouse alone stood out from his colleagues, and obstinately declined to assent. The arrangement was decided upon, and the whole affair was to be kept a secret. But Bohemond did not wait long. He was too anxious to snatch his victory, and he at once sent his messenger to proclaim his success.

The ambitious prince had not without difficulty induced his colleagues to fully consent to his ideas. They were jealous of Bohemond, but the news of the advance of a Turkish army decided the question, and the traitor prepared to give up his towers of the city to the invader immediately.

The appointed time arrived. Seven hundred knights made ready for the expedition. The wind roared, the rain fell in torrents, and the uproar of the elements precluded any other sounds from being distinguished. The knights approached the walls, but the soldiers were suddenly seized by the fear of treachery. They would not advance. Bohemond led the way,

and actually penetrated alone into the tower where Phirous was awaiting him.

The traitor had too well accomplished his task. His brother, who was with him in the tower, had been slain by him for fear that he would divulge the treachery. This horrible deed accomplished, Phirous gave admittance to the Crusaders. They at first hesitated to climb up the rope-ladder, but Bohemond himself set the example, and the traitor Phirous assisted him to enter.

Bohemond once safe, put his head over the ramparts and called to his companions to ascend and join him; but they still hesitated, and were evidently uneasy and distrustful of their leader and his treacherous ally.

Bohemond then hastily returned and exhorted his men, a few of whom consented to follow him. Patrols paced the ramparts every half-hour, and no time was to be lost. One was even then approaching, and the Crusaders hid behind the battlements as he advanced. Ere the alarm could be given, the man was slain, and soon the portion of the walls under the command of Phirous was in the hands of the Crusaders, whom he assisted to mount them.

The leaders were quickly in possession of the city. The Turks, roused from sleep, were massacred in their houses, and hundreds perished. Bohemond hoisted his flag and proclaimed himself Governor of Antioch. The slaughter continued, and six

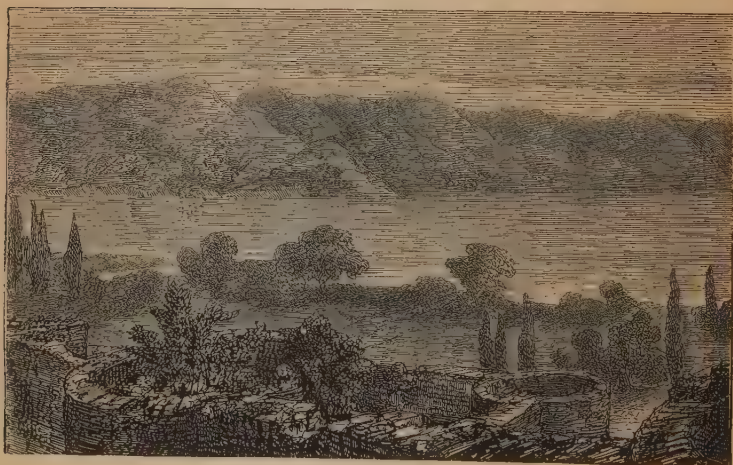
thousand of the inhabitants were murdered in the city or near it. Many retired to the citadel and remained shut up there to harass the Crusaders, who at once abandoned themselves to every excess they could compass.

An immense army, commanded by Kherbughâ, the Sultan of Mussoul, was now advancing to succour Antioch, and great fear at once succeeded the rejoicing of the Crusaders. Things began to assume an extremely black aspect. Famine again decimated the army, and horses, dogs, camels, and indeed sometimes human flesh, were consumed in the fearful ravages of want. Princes literally begged from house to house for crumbs of food, or sold their horses and arms for a pitiful ration. Deserters decamped by dozens, and were slain by the Saracens. In vain the spirit of the Crusaders was invoked; they could not and would not stir.

Under these circumstances the only safety lay in an appeal to the fanaticism of the soldiers, and so the miraculous lance was dug up and holy visions were seen. Meantime Peter the Hermit was sent to offer the Saracen general terms:—Either to decide the issue by a general battle, or by a small and equal array of combatants. Kherbughâ refused haughtily the offer of the Christians, whom he believed exhausted, and defied them and the Saviour of the World.

The message was carried back into the city, and the Crusaders appealed to arms. A wondrous vision of the Christ had been

reported, promising victory to the "Pilgrims," and upon this hope they placed all their confidence. Fortunately some stores were discovered, and this circumstance, regarded as miraculous, tended to give them courage and bodily strength. The remainder of the food was consecrated, and one hundred thousand warriors partook of the Sacrament.



LAKE OF NICEA OR ASCANIUS.

CHAPTER VII.

BATTLE BEFORE ANTIOCH—ADVANCE UPON JERUSALEM—INCIDENTS OF THE MARCH.

PETER the Hermit returned to the city with the answer given him by the Saracens. The sultan is said by William of Malmesbury to have been playing at chess, and did not turn his attention from the same when Peter the Hermit, as the ambassador for terms, arrived on behalf of the Christians, and demanded that the Moslems should depart, having first acknowledged the God of the Christians.

The sultan was greatly astonished at this presumption, and he broke out fiercely in reply. "We will humble the pride of your nation," said he. "Slavery and death are the appointed lot of those who dispute the right of the Turks to a land which they have taken from the effeminate Greeks."

So Peter was driven from the presence, and returned to Antioch to report the unsuccessful result of his mission to Kherbughâ. The princes and Christian commanders immediately prepared for battle next day.

The day of battle was the festival of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, 1098, A.D. The army of the Crusaders was made ready, and marched out in twelve divisions, to signify the number of the apostles. The Count of Toulouse and a few soldiers only remained to guard the citadel: the count not having yet recovered from his wound.

The priests marched in front, carrying the Holy Lance, and singing a triumphant psalm. The Count of Vermandois led the foremost division. Robert of Flanders and Robert of Normandy, the second and third divisions respectively. Godfrey of Bouillon and Tancred commanded the seventh and eighth, while Bohemond was in command of the reserve.

Amid the singing of the monks and the acclamations of the women and children who crowded the walls and prayed alternately, the ragged array of the Crusaders advanced. Numbers were almost, if not entirely, naked; chiefs marched on foot, their horses having been eaten for food. But the weakest went out to attack the enemies of God, and to strike a blow under the protection of the Holy Lance.

The black flag was hoisted upon the city walls as the Christian army came forth. Not a trumpet announced the advance; no war-cry gave notice; the hymns were heard after a while by the Saracens, and the firm approach of the Crusaders was reported to the Moslem general, as the more advanced posts fell back.

The sultan was quite incredulous of the intelligence, and, deeply interested in his favourite game of chess, paid little



CRUSADERS IN BATTLE ARRAY AT ANTIOCH.

attention to the messengers. But the quick repulse of the 2,000 men who formed the camp guard, gave the sultan a more

vivid impression of the determination of the Christians, and the Saracens prepared for the fight.

A thick cloud of arrows from the Infidel ranks began the real encounter, and after this, the armies met hand to hand. The Crusaders, emboldened by the promises of the bishop and the presence of the Holy Lance, broke through the right of the Saracens, who, after a while, attacked fiercely by Godfrey of Bouillon, began to retire. The battle would have been then and there decided, had not the Sultan of Nicea gone round through the high grass to the rear of the Christian army and attacked them behind.

The reserves did all in their power to repel the enemy, who had advanced unseen under cover of the smoke rising from the dry grass which they had kindled. Bohemond was indeed hard pressed, and sent to Godfrey and Tancred for assistance. These warriors immediately responded, and, leaving the bishop almost unassisted, hurried to the relief of Bohemond.

Godfrey, joined by the Count of Vermandois, came down upon the scene, and engaged the Moslem cavalry, who, armed with clubs, were slaughtering the Christians in great numbers. The Holy Lance even was at one time captured, but Aubrey de Vere regained it from the Turks after a desperate struggle.

The situation of the Christians was very perilous, and though they still fought valiantly, their position became every moment more untenable. They called out that the Divine assistance

promised by the bishop had not arrived, and that they were delivered over to death. But at the supreme moment assistance came and turned the tide of battle.

Down the mountain side came a Heavenly array of horsemen, clothed in white, and led by the blessed martyrs, George, Demetrius, and Theodore. The Celestial Warriors came slowly down or paused on the hill-side to encourage the trembling believers. Nothing could withstand them now. New life had been instilled into them. Providence was fighting for them, and without waiting for the nearer advent of the saints, the Crusaders attacked the Infidels with redoubled fury.

The result was quickly apparent. The Turks, already broken, could not withstand this new attack urged with all the valour of despair and fanaticism. They gave way, and, as they fled, the "vision of the martyrs disappeared, even as the white smoke from the smouldering grass which the Sultan of Nice had kindled, rose up from the hills and faded in the sky."*

Seventy thousand Saracens remained upon the field of battle to testify to the bravery and butchery of the Crusaders, who, having in many instances mounted the enemy's horses, pursued the flying "foot," and slew them in dozens.

Horses, arms, baggage, were taken ; also the sumptuous camp, and the magnificent tent of the sultan, which, furnished with

* There is no need to inquire further concerning the "miracle." The Sultan was "hoist with his own petard."

towers, and laid out in streets, was sufficiently large to contain two thousand persons. Bohemond sent this splendid trophy



DEFEAT OF THE TURKS BEFORE ANTIOCH.

to Italy, where it remained in safe custody for years.

The defeat of the Saracens was complete, and the plunder



THE CHILDREN'S MOCK CRUSADE.

enormous. The pursuit was continued far into the night by some of the Crusaders, while the rest, under Raymond of Toulouse, returned to Antioch and gained the citadel. The general effect of this battle upon the Saracens was very marked: they were completely demoralized, and it is said that many of them became voluntary converts to the Christian faith.

The Crusaders' first care, when they had gained full possession of Antioch, was to repair the churches and establish Christian worship, which had been destroyed and forbidden by the Turks. An embassy was sent to Constantinople to remind the emperor of his promise of assistance in conquering Jerusalem. But the ambassadors with their trains never appeared in the Holy Land. Baldwin perished in Asia Minor, and the Count of Vermandois succeeded in reaching Constantinople, but, finding Alexius would render no assistance to the Christians, he proceeded home.

The main body of the Crusaders remained in Antioch, instead of marching directly towards Jerusalem and keeping up the terror which their victory had already excited amongst the Saracens. The majority of the commanders unfortunately determined to remain, and the result of the decision was deplorable. An epidemic arose and carried off an immense number of the soldiers. The women and children first succumbed, and within a month fifty thousand pilgrims perished, including the Bishop of Puy, who was interred in the church of Saint Peter of Antioch.

This was bad enough, but worse remained behind. Discord,

fostered by rivalry and ambition, arose in the ranks of the leaders. The haughty Bohemond and the proud Count of Toulouse nearly came to blows concerning the sovereignty of the city. Raymond accused the other of usurping the crown, and Bohemond threatened to kill his opponent, but afterwards promised to follow him to Jerusalem, an oath which he repeated without the least intention of observing it.

About this time Peter Barthelmy, who had had the wondrous dream of the Holy Lance, came under suspicion in consequence of more dreams which, owing to his failing memory, he mixed up and contradicted. The result was that his visions were derided, and he was himself sentenced to the "fiery trial." The poor man managed to walk through the fire; but, bewildered by pain and blinded by smoke, instead of walking out directly, he somehow turned round and passed through a second time, receiving injuries from which he died.

Amongst other incidents concerning Antioch, the extraordinary behaviour of the children who accompanied the army deserves to be recorded. Before the Saracens had been finally subdued, the children of the Christians, imbued with the valour of their seniors, would assemble morning and evening, armed with miniature weapons, sticks and stones. With these they simulated the opposing armies and fought bitterly. Many serious wounds and life-long injuries resulted from this imitation of the Holy War by the children.

The Crusaders at length forced their leaders to move forward toward Jerusalem, and they, fearing that new leaders would be



FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF THE BISHOP OF PUY.

selected, proceeded to Marah, which, after a desperate resistance, they subdued and utterly destroyed. In some of the outlying

attacks upon other places, the Crusaders became aware of the Saracen habit of sending messages by pigeons—a fact which tends to fix the great antiquity of the use of these birds as messengers.

Wonderful tales are related by the ancient chroniclers concerning the valour of the Crusaders and their desperate encounters with wild beasts. Geoffrey de la Tour once perceived a serpent coiled round a lion, and immediately went to the rescue of the latter. He succeeded in killing the snake and delivering the lion, which subsequently followed him all through his campaigning; and he only lost his attendant when, embarking for Europe, the faithful lion endeavoured to swim to the vessel and was drowned.

Compelled to quit Archas which he had conquered, Godfrey, yielding again to pressure, advanced to the Holy City. We need not record all the miracles and signs which were performed and seen by the army as they advanced to Jerusalem. Raymond of Toulouse wished to remain and govern Archas, but when Godfrey set out for the Holy Land Raymond's troops also joined Godfrey's, so that chief was compelled to follow his men. The total number of the Crusaders did not now exceed fifty thousand men. They had lost, in various ways, nearly two hundred thousand men since they left the west of Europe.

The army followed the sea-coast and so gained supplies. They crossed by Tyre and Sidon, and reached Ptolemais (Acre), where

the Emir received them kindly and supplied them with provisions. Pursuing their course they encamped near Carmel, and here a pigeon which had escaped (injured) from a bird of prey, fell into the camp. Under its wing was found a letter from the “friendly” Emir to the Emir of Cæserea, telling him of the coming of the “cursed Christians,” and advising the “crushing” of the invaders.

This discovery was regarded as a good omen, and they marched on to Joppa and Ramla, only sixteen miles from Jerusalem.



CHAPTER VIII.

JERUSALEM INVESTED—PREPARATIONS FOR THE ASSAULT—FAILURE AND FINAL SUCCESS OF THE CRUSADERS.

ON the 29th of May, 1099, the Christian army reached Emmaus, and came at length in full view of the Holy City.

Nearly a year had elapsed since the fall of Antioch, when the few remaining thousands of the once immense host drew up on the heights and gazed at the goal of all their hopes and anticipations—Jerusalem! They had marched all night, and at sunrise the towers of the Holy City were visible to the Crusader-pilgrims.

“It is the will of God!” The old war-cry again resounded, and enthusiasm glowed in every heart. Women and children, as well as armed knights, threw themselves down and kissed the sacred earth. Tears and laughter were mingled as the army gazed upon the Mount of Olives and the City of all their hopes—the Salem of the Old Testament; the City of Jesus; the “Abode of Peace,” which has seen more strife, perhaps, than any other capital in the world.

At the time of the arrival of the Crusaders, the city of Jerusalem, says Mills, "comprised the hills of Golgotha, Bezetha, Moriah, and Acra,"—for Mount Zion was not included within the walls. The garrison of the city consisted of forty thousand Egyptian soldiers. The south and east sides were regarded as impregnable, so the Crusaders turned their attention to the west and north.

Tancred had meantime taken possession of Bethlehem, and rejoined the others before the Infidels made any sortie from the city. A few hundred advanced from the walls, but were immediately driven back by the Crusaders, who made no delay in commencing the siege, notwithstanding their inferior numbers, being incited thereto by the Christian fugitives from Jerusalem.

It was a rash undertaking to attempt, destitute as the besiegers were of all the mechanical appliances for prosecuting the siege. They had plenty of enthusiasm and courage; and, had engines of war been at hand, the capture of Jerusalem would have been a question of hours only. As it was, they fought their way to the walls, having only swords and shields wherewith to withstand the missiles and force of the enemy. Scaling-ladders also were badly wanted, and even when the base of the wall had been gained, there were no means of making any effective escalade. They did attempt it, but were speedily repulsed and thrown back, followed by hot oil, pitch, stones, beams, and the arrows of the besieged.

The necessity for some machines was now apparent, but wood was very scarce in the neighbourhood of the city, and the materials were therefore wanting. The Crusaders procured all they could, but the scorching sun and the extreme scarcity of water caused them all the greatest misery, and almost prostrated them. Knights and vassals contended for a few muddy drops, horses and camels died of thirst, and the whole camp was quite demoralized.

Some supplies were occasionally found, and the siege went on. A Genoese fleet arrived at Jaffa, and thither hurried a detachment of Crusaders to secure the machines and supplies with which it was laden. When the Christians arrived they found that the Saracens had already attacked and destroyed the fleet, but a considerable amount of provisions and instruments for the construction of war-like engines remained. These, with the Genoese handicraftsmen, were immediately forwarded to Jerusalem.

This success was followed up by the discovery of a wood, in which sufficient timber was cut for the construction of machines. In this work all united gladly, and battering rams, catapults, towers, and galleries were rapidly put in hand. Many high towers were made running on wheels, which could thus be pushed up to the walls; and as the towers were higher than the walls a great advantage was gained.

Godfrey of Bouillon and others of the leaders commanded in

these edifices, which had small drawbridges to be let down, by



GODFREY DE BOUILLON IN HIS TOWER AT THE SIEGE OF JERUSALEM.

which the occupants of the towers could pass into the city by

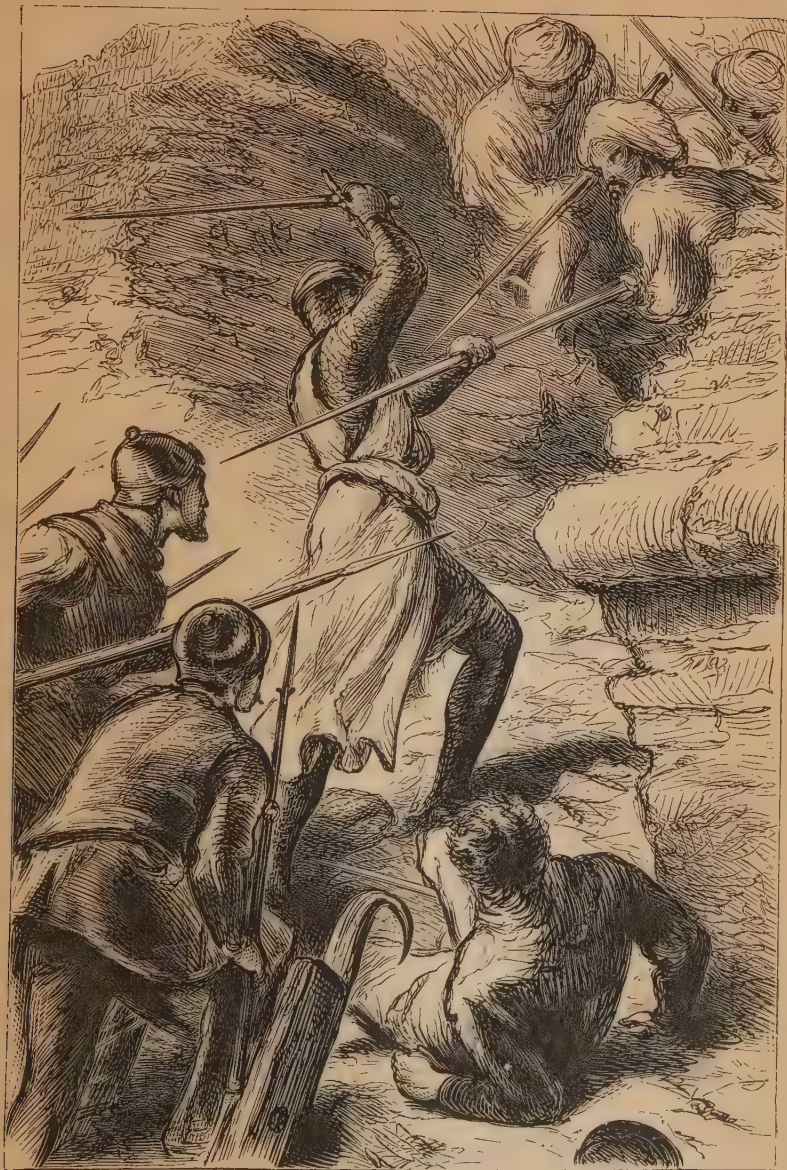
the wall. The Saracens beheld these tremendous engines with dismay, and employed themselves in endeavouring to devise means to counteract them.

On Thursday morning, July 14, 1099, the Crusaders made their first serious attack upon the Holy City. They wheeled up the towers to the walls, and engaged the enemy hand to hand. The Saracens, on their side, were not idle; and boiling oil, beams of wood, the "Greek fire," stones, and missiles of all descriptions were hurled upon the brave assailants. The priests had marched round the city singing hymns, and nothing that fanaticism or valour could do was left undone.

For many hours the engagement lasted. The great towers stuck fast or fell to pieces. The Crusaders had made a breach, it is true, but they could not enter the city; and through the opening the Saracens made a sortie to burn the engines of war. Disorder ensued, and after twelve hours' fierce fighting, the Christians retreated, followed by the taunts and jeers of the victorious defenders of Jerusalem.

Neither party got any rest during the ensuing night. One side feared the renewal of the attack, while the other quite anticipated a sortie against the machines. But nothing serious occurred during the darkness, and when morning dawned both sides made preparations for the decisive conflict which could not be prolonged.

The procession of the clergy was renewed, the towers



THE SIEGE OF THE HOLY CITY.

reconstructed and garrisoned, and all was made ready, when a pigeon, captured on its arrival, told the news that succour was at hand for the besieged. This intelligence at once fired the assailants, and they advanced to the attack once more. The onset was even more furious than that of the day before, and ended in the destruction of some of the Crusaders' machines by fire.

The Christians were beginning to lose heart when the appearance of a horseman, clothed in white, who was recognized as St. George, turned the flagging spirits of the attacking force into an ardour nothing could resist.

"St. George has come to our assistance!" exclaimed Godfrey of Bouillon. "He signals to enter the Holy City!"

"God wills it! God wills it" is again the cry, and the tide of conquest follows in the wake of the enthusiasts. Once again the power of superstition and faith in the aid of Heaven prompts an ardour nothing can evade or withstand. "God wills it! we conquer!"

Godfrey at once advanced his tower, Raymond did the same, and a tremendous conflict ensued. Women and children helped to bring munitions or assisted in pushing the tall towers under the walls. The hay and other materials intended to deaden the shock of the attacking catapults, were set on fire; and the Saracens, enveloped in flames, leaped from the battlements. Then the tower-bridges were let down, and the Crusaders sprang upon the walls.

Godfrey, followed by several knights, rushed from his tall turret and fiercely bore down upon the Saracens, while Tancred and Robert of Normandy thundered at the gate. Raymond, determining to achieve distinction, gained the summit of the wall by scaling; and uniting forces, these renowned men rushed through the city. The emir fled, the Saracens were driven like sheep before the Christians; and the banner of the Cross, displayed upon the ramparts, announced that Jerusalem, the Abode of Peace, was won at three o'clock P.M. on a Friday, the time and day of the death of our Lord!

The Crusaders pursued the flying enemy in every direction, and entered the palace and the church as soon as the fugitives. A contingent of Babylonians took refuge in David's Tower, but they were immediately followed and slain to a man.

Another portion of the Crusaders, leaving the pursuit to their companions, ran to one of the gates and battered it down to admit the troops, who immediately poured in, the horses even biting the fugitives as they ran. Through the breach before mentioned, a crowd of men and women poured in, the latter frequently fighting or bringing succour to those who had entered by the walls.

Vainly the Saracens made isolated attempts to rally. They were borne down and slain, though when subsequently the plundering commenced, there was a time when their resistance might have gained some success over the undisciplined Crusaders,

had they but rallied and showed a bold front. The carnage was dreadful. Neither sex nor age was spared. Children were killed in the most brutal manner while clinging to their mothers, who also were slain. We will gladly draw a veil over these horrible scenes, enacted in the name of Christianity.

While these acts were being performed in different parts of the city, and while the blood by the steps of the Mosque of Omar was up to the horses' knees, Godfrey of Bouillon had entered the sacred edifice—the Church of the Resurrection—and prostrated himself upon the Holy Sepulchre. (He had carried the sword of Vespasian into the fight, and it is remarkable that this weapon had three times been used in the taking of Jerusalem since the death of our Saviour.) Godfrey's act of devotion was imitated by many of the Crusaders, while the priests sang penitential psalms and hymns, with thanksgivings.

Then a touching picture was presented to the warlike throng. From holes and caves and cellars came the miserable Christians, who on the merest sufferance had been permitted by the Saracens to live in Jerusalem. They came forth joyously to welcome the victors; and, from all the princely crowd, from all the grand array of knights, these poor people singled out Peter the Hermit as their deliverer and the saviour of the city.

Then Peter's cup of joy was filled to overflowing. He had his reward that day: preferred before all the titled assembly as the

Liberator of the Holy Land, he might well be pardoned if he felt uplifted to the dignity.

Tancred, urged by avarice, was making every effort to plunder the Mosque of Omar, and other "Holy" places, whence he is said to have carried away an enormous booty. For two days he remained looting, but it must be said (according to the French historian) that he divided his plunder with Godfrey afterwards.

Count Raymond and Tancred, for a considerable sum of money, next day gave some Saracens who had taken refuge in David's Tower permission to go free, though Tancred retained all their arms and appendages. His banner was raised as a kind of guarantee of their safety, and they remained upon the roof unwilling to descend until assured of protection. This they never received, for the soldiery scaled the tower, and put them all to death without mercy.

Tancred was very indignant at this insult, but his anger was overruled by his peers, and an indiscriminate slaughter ensued.

Believing themselves actuated by holy zeal, the Crusaders, on the third day after the conquest of the city, rushed into houses and prisons, dragging forth the miserable beings and the other inhabitants who had purchased their safety: men, women, and children, young and old, rich and poor—not one whom they could find was left alive. In vain the people clasped the "Christian" warriors; in vain they supplicated their mercy. Not one who could be found escaped; even innocent devotees

in the mosques were murdered, and the fearful total of seventy thousand Mussulman bodies bears witness to the fury and awful cruelty of the Franks in Jerusalem, which they had come to deliver from the oppression of the Infidel



CHAPTER IX.

GODFREY, KING OF JERUSALEM — THE BATTLE OF ASCALON —
RETURN OF THE CRUSADERS, AND END OF THE FIRST CRUSADE.

SO Jerusalem fell into the hands of the Crusaders, and was literally washed after the massacre by slaves. The next step was to raise up a Christian kingdom in the place of the Saracenic rule, and to establish the European language, manners and laws. To this end the chiefs assembled on the eighth day after the taking of the city, and the selection was supposed to fall upon the man most remarkable for his virtues. After some little discussion the choice fell upon Godfrey of Bouillon, who thus became the first King of Jerusalem, though he contented himself with the less pretentious title of “Defender of the Holy Sepulchre.”

The news of the capture of the Holy City soon spread into neighbouring countries, and Christians from all sides came flocking into Jerusalem. The effect upon the Saracens was of course in inverse proportion, and they almost abandoned them-

selves to despair, when the Caliph of Cairo rendered them some assistance, and equipped an army which moved upon Jerusalem, under the command of Emir Afdhal.

When this intelligence reached Godfrey he endeavoured to assemble his troops, and appealed to their leaders, to go forth and engage the enemy ere he could approach the city. The force which was advancing was described as exceedingly numerous, and well equipped with all necessary machines and supplies for a long siege. Robert of Normandy and Raymond of Toulouse at first declined to unite with Godfrey, but were at length induced to do so.

Afdhal had sworn to destroy the Christians and all the Holy Places together, and his renown as a warrior gave him every advantage that past successes could confer. He was not to be trifled with, and Godfrey knew that he would need all his skill and force to defeat the Saracens under such a leader.

Everyone who could bear arms was soon enrolled in the army; and Peter the Hermit, in possession of a piece of the True Cross, was fervent in exhorting the Christians, who quitted Jerusalem and advanced towards Ascalon to check the Saracen hosts. They fortunately captured a large drove of camels and oxen, and this initial success put them in confidence, though Godfrey in his prudence believed that the booty was purposely left by the enemy to lull the Christians into security.

The Saracens, however, did not long remain unrepresented,

and some prisoners were taken who told the Christians the whereabouts of the enemy. Advancing in nine divisions, to the sound of martial music, the Crusaders, with the greatest enthusiasm, met the Saracen troops on the plain of Ascalon, where, with their backs to the sea, the Infidels had taken up their position.

The Egyptians formed the centre of the enemy's line, which enclosed the flanks of the Crusaders "like the horns of a stag," as an old historian tells us. The Crusaders' ranks were supported by the enormous crowd of camels and cattle which came behind the army, and gave it a very imposing appearance in the plain.

Scarcely had the attack commenced, when the Saracen army, composed of very unharmonious divisions, gave way. The Egyptians alone made any serious resistance, and their ranks were broken by Tancred and Godfrey, while Robert of Normandy attacked the commander Afdhal himself. The "wings" of the immense host were soon crumpled up by Raymond and others, and stood to be massacred like frightened sheep. They made no resistance: they climbed trees and rocks and remained perched on high, submitting to be made targets of by the Crusaders, who shot them "like birds," says the chronicler. Thousands perished on the bridge of Ascalon, and the victory was not more complete only because so many ran away.

Afdhal hurried away to the coast and got on board a ship of the Egyptian fleet, which immediately set sail and left numbers of the soldiery behind to be massacred or drowned. The plains of Ascalon were covered with fugitives, and the dead and dying. The victory was an easy one indeed, even for such a small force as Godfrey commanded.

The town of Ascalon, bidden to surrender by Raymond, was the cause of a very serious dispute between Godfrey and the Count of Toulouse. The latter wished to keep it for himself when he could conquer it: Godfrey declared the place ought to belong to the kingdom of Jerusalem. So Raymond, in a passion, marched his men off the ground and returned to Jerusalem; and Godfrey, finding he could not gain the place without Raymond, who had, moreover, prompted the Saracens to resist the King of Jerusalem, returned also with a determination to call Raymond to account for his actions, having extorted a considerable sum from the town of Ascalon. The quarrel between the chiefs was not made up until some time after, but finally these two great men and brave warriors embraced in the presence of the army, and subdued all differences. The Battle of Ascalon was the last struggle of this Crusade, and the victory was celebrated with much ceremony in Jerusalem.

Before closing the narrative of the First Crusade we must follow the leaders of it a little farther; or rather, upon their journey home, and account for them to a certain point. Godfrey

of Bouillon, we may premise, did not long enjoy his kingdom. He died in nine months of fever in Jerusalem, and was buried in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, lamented alike by Mussulman and Christian. He was only forty when he died, and was succeeded by Baldwin of Edessa his brother, though the Count of Toulouse had a following who wished to place him on the throne.

Tancred, according to his oath, remained in the Holy Land; and, after distinguishing himself in many battles and sieges, died in Antioch in 1112.

Raymond of Toulouse also remained in the East. He went to Constantinople, where he was warmly received by the emperor and rewarded with the city of Laodicea.

Peter the Hermit, the mainspring of the Crusade, returned to Europe with the bulk of his surviving companions, and retired to a monastery at Huy on the Meuse. He died there, at a very advanced age, in the odour of sanctity, and was buried outside the church.

Robert of Normandy returned home and lost his duchy, which was seized by his brother Henry, who had superseded him on the English throne. His fate is well-known to every boy, for the Castle of Cardiff can testify to his long and bitter sojourn, and his death after twenty-eight years of captivity.

The numerous knights and men-at arms who returned to Europe were everywhere welcomed and caressed. They came

back with fame and triumph, and were received as heroes. Most of them retired to their estates and remained peacefully at home after all the trials and desperate actions of the First Crusade.

The Kingdom of Jerusalem, under Baldwin increased, and he was succeeded by Baldwin de Bourg. Fulk of Anjou was the next monarch; then Baldwin the Third, who reigned until 1162. We shall hear more of Jerusalem in the sequel. At present we will conclude by noticing the supplementary excitement that resulted in another expedition during which Tripoli was founded, in whose lord Tancred found an enemy. Raymond of Toulouse from Laodicea crossed the Bosphorus with the pilgrims of this return wave of the Crusades, in which the Christians suffered greatly from the Turks.

The Count of Vermandois met his death in this expedition, which penetrated to Heraclea and was defeated. The Duke of Bavaria and other leaders reached the Holy Land, and fought at Ramla, but very few returned to Europe. This was the expiring effort of the First Crusade, which, first and last, by disease and death, had cost Europe no less than one million of lives. The benefits conferred upon Europe, in return for this immense loss were not immediately apparent; but it checked all internecine war and brigandage, extended the Greek Empire, opened Constantinople to western nations, and encouraged the Mediterranean trade. Serfs were emancipated, and many landowners relaxed

their former iron grasp upon their people. Civilization was extended, and in so far, at any rate, the Crusade had benefited Europe ; while the Saracens were profoundly impressed by the power and might of the Western Crusaders, who had conquered them by sheer valour and skill.



CHAPTER X.

THE TEMPLARS AND HOSPITALLERS — THE SECOND CRUSADE —
ST. BERNARD.

BEFORE commencing our narrative of the Second Crusade, we must notice a body of knights who became very celebrated after the capture of Jerusalem, and whose deeds have furnished the novelist with many stirring incidents. We refer to the Knights of the Temple, or Knights Templars, a most powerful body of "Military Monks." There was another order—that of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem—which, however, was instituted fifty years before the capture of the Holy City. The knights of this order were known as Hospitallers, because the Italian merchants who had founded the order had affiliated it to a Hospital for the reception of Pilgrims. This institution was dedicated to St. John the Compassionate, and the monks wore a peculiarly distinctive dress—a black mantle with five white crosses upon the breast, and a red girdle, also with a white cross.

The "Hospital Monks" were, after a time, compelled to take up arms in their own defence, and thus became knights in deed as well as priests. Others joined them, and they formed a powerful association; so much so that, after Godfrey had taken Jerusalem, some French knights established a new Order, to endeavour, in combination with the Hospitallers, to protect pilgrims from their enemies in the East.

The two Frenchmen who were thus anxious to assist their fellow-pilgrims were Hugues de Payens and Geoffroi de St. Omar; they, as well as the Knights of St. John, made strict vows of chastity, self-denial, and poverty. They paraded the last named by adopting as their device two knights riding upon one horse, which—always supposing the animal could have carried a pair of fully equipped knights—was perhaps suggested by the difficulties and straits through which the Crusaders passed when advancing upon Jerusalem.

The knights, who were quickly joined by others, then adopted the title of "Poor Soldiers of the Holy City," and under this designation they appear to have carried out their objects for some years, affording material assistance and protection to the numerous poor pilgrims who ventured unattended into the tracks of the Saracens. The distinguishing dress of the "Poor Brethren" was a white mantle worn over their armour, with a red cross upon the right shoulder of this cloak. Hence the term "Red Cross Knights." Their banner was parti-coloured,

black and white, and also bore a cross; the black and white being at once symbolical of their devotion to Christianity and their enmity to the Infidel.

Baldwin, the successor of Godfrey, as already narrated, in the year 1118, granted to these knights a residence within the temple precincts in Jerusalem, and they then claimed the title of "Knights of the Holy Temple of Zion." The chief of the order was termed the Master or Grand Master, a title which still exists in the Master of the Temple in London. The strict and lengthy code of rules was framed by the celebrated Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, afterwards canonized. These rules are too lengthy to quote, but the strictness of them may be inferred from the following extracts. They were not permitted "the sport of catching one bird with another, nor to shoot with bow in the woods, nor to spur a horse to catch game." Unmarried members of the Order were not permitted to kiss mother, or sister or aunt, or any other; "but at the same time they could hold lands and husbandmen as they were belted knights, and thus their social status was preserved. They were not permitted to wear gold or silver ornaments on banners or trappings. The white robe was a token of purity, and even married knights were not entitled to wear it, as it was the mark of celibacy. It is scarcely necessary to add that many of the rules were "more honoured in the breach than in the observance," as even Ivanhoe tells us.

The Grand Master came to London in 1128 in the time of Henry I.; and as the Knights Templars were then a numerous and powerful body, De Payens obtained permission to found a House in London, in that road which led to the river called the Old Bourne (now Holborn). Southampton Buildings marks the site of the "Priory" of the Knights Templars, who are also commemorated in the Temple in Fleet Street.

The Templars thus became powerful; and, being very valiant and equally unscrupulous, were a body to be feared. Bernard the Abbot supported the Order manfully, and all over the Continent the Templars were known as brave and resolute men; priests in knightly array, and knights when the trumpet called them to arms. They united the terrors of religion to those of mundane force, and the superstitious had no chance with them. They amassed great wealth and gained high positions. They soon became proud and arrogant, and the original objects of the Order were in a measure forgotten, or fell into disuse. As Spenser says:—

"Those bricky towers
The which on Thames' broad, agèd back do ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whilom wont the Templar Knights to bide,
Till they decayed through pride."

The Temple fell into the hands of the Hospitallers, who let the buildings to law students, whose successors still inhabit them.

But at the period of which we are treating the Templars were

on the ascendant, and distinguished themselves greatly. Putting aside for the moment our own Temple and its ancient church founded in 1185, and modelled on the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, we find nearly all over Europe traces of the grandeur and ostentation of the "Poor Knights." In Paris there are many traces preserved, as well as in Italy and other countries.

In the Second Crusade, of which we shall now treat, the Templars highly distinguished themselves. The preaching of this expedition was undertaken by Bernard of Clairvaux, by request of the Pope. He had been stirred thereto by the news of the fall of Edessa, and the outbreak of the Infidels, who in 1144, had become masters of many places, and threatened to overturn the Christian rulers.

King Louis the Seventh of France, to pacify his conscience, sorely warped by his wholesale destruction of some of his enemies in a church at Vitry where they had taken refuge, appealed to the Pope to proclaim a new crusade. The Pope nominated Bernard, and he undertook the duty with all his energy in 1146. In a hermit's dress he summoned the people to Vezelay, and was as successful as his predecessor, Peter the Hermit. The old cry, "God wills it!" was again raised, the cross was donned and the public enthusiasm was unbounded. Delighted with his great success in France, Bernard proceeded to Germany to the court of Conrad the Third.

But owing to domestic troubles, which in a measure threatened

his kingdom, for his neighbour of Bavaria was a powerful rival, Conrad declined to associate himself with the expedition. He was holding a diet at Spires when Bernard visited him, and he bade the Abbot consider the danger in which the empire would be involved did he quit it.

Bernard's reply was to the effect that as the Pope had placed the Emperor on the throne, the Holy See was quite capable of keeping him on it. "The Church would defend the property of those who did the work of God." But even this did not satisfy Conrad, and he still held out, though Bernard appears to have spared no inducement nor eloquence to gain him over to the cause in conjunction with the King of France.

At length quite unexpectedly, after mass one day, the Emperor gave way. Bernard had been preaching against those who had the folly to prefer worldly position to the glory of the cross in Palestine, and the Emperor was moved. The Emperor's determination had been looked upon as final, and when he changed his mind so suddenly, all present regarded the occurrence as nothing short of miraculous, and welcomed the change accordingly. The nobles and peers all gave in their adhesion to the crusade, and the empire generally followed the lead. Bernard soon returned to France to report his success and hasten preparations.

The sovereigns agreed to proceed to the Holy Land in the spring of 1147, and the armies were to meet at Constantinople

as quickly as possible afterwards. The same scenes were enacted on the Continent as had characterized the preaching and crusade of Peter the Hermit. All classes of men and women forsook their various employments, and joined the armies. All countries sent representatives to France and Germany, and many ladies united under the command of a woman, whose gilded boots won for her the distinguished and distinguishing title of "Golden-Legs."

The German army assembled at Ratisbon and the French at Metz, whence they respectively marched towards Constantinople. Ambassadors had already announced their approach to the Emperor Manuel Comnenus, who was by no means pleased at this new irruption of Christians. He played a double game, and while openly encouraging the Western warriors, secretly acquainted the Saracen leaders with their enemies' intentions.

The German army—an enormous host—reached Constantinople, and was very coldly received, notwithstanding professions of friendship. Conrad therefore quitted the city and crossed the Bosphorus, and then became for the first time aware of the perfidy of the Greeks. They closed their gates against him, gave him bad money which he could not exchange, and when they could be prevailed upon to supply food, it was generally of an inferior quality or adulterated. The guides were faithless, and led them into ambuscades, and at length the German army found themselves face to face with an enormous array of

Saracens, who lined the defiles of the mountains and threatened the Germans on all sides.

Conrad perceived too late that he had been entrapped by his guides. Still, he made all possible dispositions, and a desultory engagement ensued, but greatly to the disadvantage of the Christians, who were encumbered with heavy armour and fell beneath their agile foes. The Germans were routed and driven back. Thousands perished in the battle and in the retreat; and it has been computed that at least one-tenth of Conrad's army perished in that encounter. The remains of the German host retired to Nice, and endeavoured to recruit themselves.

Here Louis of France, who had also passed through Constantinople, found Conrad, and condoled with him upon his misfortunes. The two sovereigns agreed to support each other in an attack against the Saracens, and they started together, Louis having the larger army. The subordinate position thus held by the German Emperor, did not suit him; so after a while he retired to Constantinople with his troops, and Louis the Seventh proceeded without his allies to the river Meander, where he found the Saracens awaiting him. The stream was running rapidly, and some difficulty was experienced in crossing. Some accounts say that a ford was found, and the French got over without much loss or difficulty. But the historian of the Crusades tells us that the French were so numerous and so daring, that they almost blocked the course of the stream, so that the troops lower

down were enabled to pass without any difficulty. The Crusaders at any rate got across, and falling upon the enemy defeated them with great slaughter.

The Turks retreated before their conquerors, and concealed themselves in the mountains beyond Laodicea between Phrygia and Pisidia. The vanguard, at the instigation of the queen and her ladies, quitted the defiles which they occupied, and imprudently descended into the plain. This movement the Turks noticed, and at once occupied the rocky paths vacated by the invaders. So when the main body of the Crusaders arrived, in full confidence that their friends were in possession of the heights, they found them held by the enemy.

Advancing thus in fancied security and in loose order, necessitated by circumstances and the difficulties of the paths, the French army was at once thrown into confusion by the attacks of the enemy, who threw rocks and showered arrows down upon them. The armour worn by the Crusaders resisted the latter missiles, but when the Turks perceived this they aimed at the horses, and slew them. The riders also perished in the falls which ensued.

Louis boldly advanced to rally his men. A number of devoted knights were slain by his side, until he was obliged to climb a rock, and there, with his back against a tree, he defied his enemies. The body of Saracens at length withdrew, unaware of his rank, and when darkness fell he managed to reach the van-

guard of his army, who had given him up for lost. His farther progress to Attalia was marked by all the evil influences which winter climate and Greek treachery, aided by Saracen enmity, could bring to bear. Sick and sorry, in hunger and rags, the Crusaders reached the city of Attalia, where no welcome awaited them from the Greeks. A council was held as to what should be done, and the fear of the desperate Crusaders made the Governor of Attalia send ships to convey the Christians to Antioch. The king and queen, the nobles, and some of the troops, embarked on the 19th March, 1148, but a great number remained to find their way by land; and these were all cut off, or found safety only by adopting the Mahomedan creed. "God alone knows the number of the martyrs whose blood flowed beneath the sword of the Turks and even of the Greeks."

Louis and his court reached Antioch and remained there some time. The queen's uncle was then in command of the city, and he (Raymond of Poitiers) wished her to remain. Louis was very anxious to proceed to Jerusalem, and at length he was obliged to carry Eleanor away with him from the enervating gaiety of her uncle's palace. The French army reached Jerusalem, and there met the Emperor Conrad, who had proceeded thither as a pilgrim. The friends met again, and the welcome accorded to Louis was enthusiastic.

Baldwin III. was then the King of Jerusalem. He was very

anxious to conquer Damascus ; so a council was held to deliberate upon the expedition, and the campaign was resolved upon. In the spring of 1149 the Crusaders, led by Conrad and Louis, with the assistance of Baldwin and the Patriarch of Jerusalem, marched upon Damascus, and encamped before the city.

The history of the city of Damascus is very interesting, and its associations with the Bible records are familiar to all. It is about one hundred and thirty miles from Jerusalem, in a most fertile district. The streams which water this beautiful region are celebrated, and the city itself is of very great antiquity. Its beauties and delights were dwelt upon by the old writers, it had been conquered by the Hebrews, Assyrians, and Romans, but it subsequently fell into the hands of the followers of Mahomet. At the time of which we are writing the territory had been despoiled to a certain extent, and the city alone remained worth seizing.

Damascus, defended by its high walls, did not offer an easy prey to the Crusaders. Surrounded by gardens, the paths in which were narrow and intricate, the place presented many difficulties. The defenders had of course made preparations to resist attack, and these narrow paths favoured them greatly in preventing the approach of any large numbers of men at a time. But the valour and determination of the Crusaders carried all before them, and, notwithstanding a stubborn defence and great

losses, the invaders achieved some considerable successes, and the city appeared on the point of yielding.

The siege was remarkable for an incident which reminds us of the combat sustained by Godfrey. Here at Damascus Conrad, the Emperor, was engaged hand to hand with a gigantic Saracen in single combat, the armies looking on in wonder. After a protracted struggle Conrad hurled the Infidel champion from his horse, and cut him in twain with one tremendous blow of his sword. The Saracens retreated and left the Christians in possession of the outworks of the city.

The leaders now made sure of Damascus, and, without bearing in mind experience and the proverbial uncertainty which attends the counting of chickens prior to the hatching, or any equivalent saying of the period, they began to dispute amongst themselves as to who should be King of Damascus. The Western potentates were desirous to confer the sovereignty upon Thierry of Flanders, while the Eastern leaders voted for a Syrian potentate.

A council was called and many days were lost in discussion, time which the Saracens utilized in arranging their defences. The result of the conference was that the Count of Flanders was selected; but this choice very much displeased the Syrian leaders, who at once cooled in their allegiance, and declined to co-operate faithfully with the Christians. The result of this split in the camp may be anticipated. The opposing parties

took up opposite sides of the city, and attempted to achieve separately what they could not do united.

The besieged, meantime reinforced, defended themselves stoutly; and at length the besiegers, disgusted and disheartened, raised the siege. The Crusaders retired and abandoned the enterprise. The army returned to Jerusalem, and Damascus was relieved by the Emir of Mousul, the celebrated Soph-Eddin. The retreat of the Christians is ascribed to treachery.



CHAPTER XI.

THE LATIN EMPIRE IN THE EAST — INVASION OF EGYPT — CONFLICTS WITH THE SARACENS — SALADIN TAKES JERUSALEM.

THE failure of the attack upon Damascus gave Bernard much discouragement. He regarded the non-success of the Crusaders as the result of the evil of their ways, and this impression grew so that he was persuaded that by hands guiltless of wilful sin the success of the Christian arms would alone be attained. The idea thus generated eventuated in what is termed the "Children's Crusade," and it was actually attempted in 1212, when thousands of children, boys and girls, went forth to conquer the Holy City.

The siege of Damascus also brought into contact with the Christians a very remarkable man — one who in after times resisted the Crusaders with success. Saladin, the son of Ayoub — the Salah-ed-deen of history, the "Integrity of Religion." He was witness of the retirement of the Christian hosts from Damascus.

The Crusaders now began to despair of any further success,

and in proportion as the confidence of the Christians declined, so did the hopes and determination of the Saracens increase, and they took the initiative against the Crusaders. The hopes of the Latins thus decreased. The sovereigns of France and Germany returned to Europe, and the Christians suffered continual reverses in Syria. The Saracens advanced against Jerusalem and actually encamped upon the Mount of Olives. The Templars sallied forth at night, and drove them back in surprise and confusion, thus for the time being Jerusalem was saved.

The death of Segur prevented the initiation of any immediate attempt to invade the Holy Land. This prelate—Abbot of Cluny—had opposed the Crusade preached by Bernard, but now when things looked so black in the East he determined to assemble an army. He failed to arouse any enthusiasm, and soon died, being quickly followed by Bernard, who had soothed his friend's last moments.

The Latins still remained in Jerusalem, where Baldwin III. was king, and defeated the Mussulman forces in Ascalon, where the Knights Templars more particularly distinguished themselves. For several months, this important and sanguinary siege continued, and "rivers of blood" flowed under the walls. Famine at length compelled the Mussulmans to surrender, and they were permitted to retire to Egypt. Baldwin then proceeded to encounter Nouredin himself, and had had con-



SALADIN PERMITS THE CHRISTIANS TO LEAVE JERUSALEM.

siderable success, when he was poisoned. Finding his end approaching he departed for Jerusalem, but died before he reached that city.

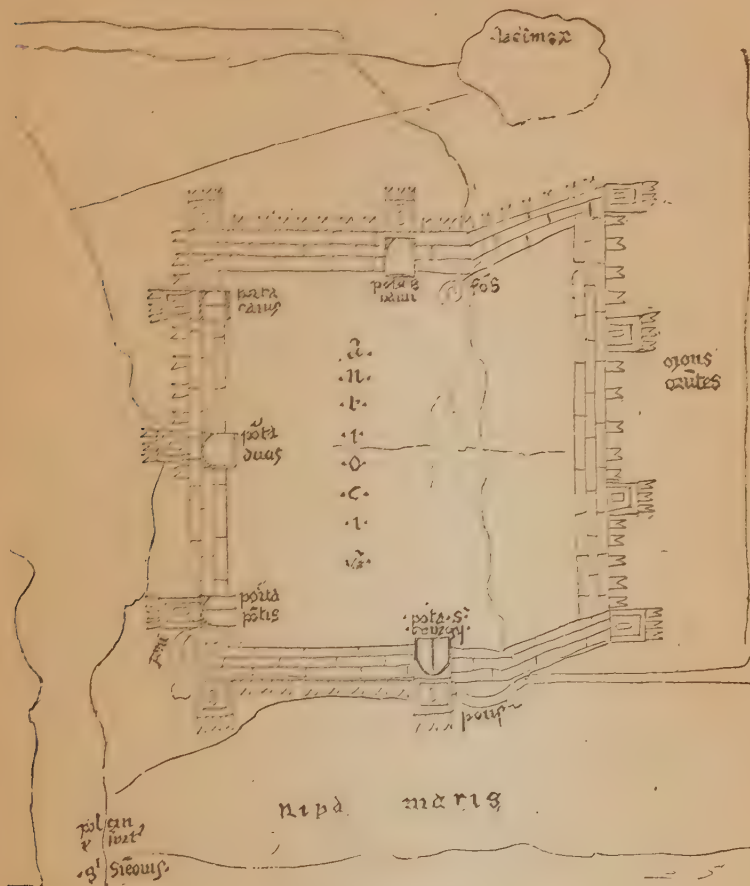
The regret at Baldwin's decease was almost universal. All the inhabitants, as well as Christians, came to meet the funeral procession as it approached the city. Noureddin also was affected by the news, and declined to advance against his enemies while they were prostrated with grief.

The choice of a successor was the most important claim now made upon the Christians, and Amalric* was elected to the dignity. The prince was the brother of Baldwin, but did not rival him in talents. Amalric endeavoured to subjugate Egypt, and so hamper the anticipated designs of Noureddin, whose way would thus be in a measure barred from the south side. The King of Jerusalem succeeded in reducing Egypt, but he left it in a most disturbed condition, every man's hand being against his neighbour.

There were two parties in the land of the Pharoahs who were contending for authority. One was Chaver or Shower, who had raised himself to the position of vizier; the other would-be ruler was Dargan (Darghau), the commander of the militia forces. In the encounter, the latter was successful, and the vizier fled to Noureddin to implore his assistance against his enemy. This

* Called also "Almeric" and "Amaury."

Noureddin promised, and then Dargan on his side made over-



PLAN OF ANTIOCH.

tures to the Christians, and promised them great rewards if they succeeded in repulsing his foes.

Amalric consented to assist Dargan and made ready an expedition, but meanwhile Noureddin's force came into Egypt under the command of the Emir Chirkon. They conquered Cairo and killed Dargan; but dissensions arose between the Egyptians and their allies, which made Chaver appeal to the King of Jerusalem for assistance. Amalric had already collected an army to subdue the very man who now implored his assistance,



SEAL OF AMAURY I.

but, little caring for whom he fought providing he gained a footing in Egypt, he marched against the Mussulman forces. Noureddin came to his emir's assistance, though too late to prevent his defeat; but, incited by his lieutenant, who had returned, the sultan, in conjunc-

tion with the Caliph of Bagdad, invaded Egypt for their own purposes.

The Christians in Syria were at once implored to assist in stemming the torrent of Mussulman invasion, and Amalric marched out to encounter Noureddin's lieutenant, who in his march across the desert had encountered terrible storms, which left him almost without resources. He showed a bold front, but was defeated; and then a treaty was concluded—the Turk's withdrew, and the Christians returned to Jerusalem laden with riches

as a reward, but still covetous of the much greater wealth which they had left behind them, and regretting that they had not more completely spoiled the Egyptians.

This temper bore fruit. The marked contrast between Jerusalem and the riches and magnificence of Cairo was too much for Amalric, who had lately married a niece of Manuel Comnenus of Constantinople, the Greek Emperor. To him he confided his plans of conquering Egypt, and received the promise of a fleet to assist him in his designs. This turned the scale, and the Christian monarch decided to make a descent upon the land of Egypt, notwithstanding the protests of the Templars and others in his army.

The Hospitallers, however, were in favour of the breach of treaty, and preparations were made by Amalric to invade the coveted territory. Noureddin also was busy in the same direction. The Christians, however, came first, and attacked Pelusium. They sacked it with great cruelty, and advanced to Cairo. The vizier who was ruler then made an appeal to the ruling passion of Amalric—avarice. He promised him an immense sum at once, and ten times more afterwards, if he would consent to quit Egypt. All this while he was making preparations for resistance, and had, moreover, sent messengers to Noureddin, to march to his assistance and destroy the hated Christians.

The vizier delayed the King of Jerusalem by his promises

of immense treasure which he could not furnish; but the golden bait was too tempting to leave, and Amalric remained playing with it, while the Mussulman army was advancing to strike. Meantime the Greek money had not appeared, and then suddenly the Christians found themselves, unassisted, attacked by the Egyptians and the Turks. Amalric could make no head-way against them, and was obliged to retreat in disgrace to Jerusalem.

But the vizier, Chaver, was in no better plight. The allies he had summoned turned against him. The Caliph of Egypt who had permitted his vizier to act thus for him, still permitted him to conspire against and get killed by Chirkon the Conqueror, and appointed the invader his first minister. But Chirkon the Vizier only lived two months in his new dignity, and his office again became vacant.

Noureddin, who practically ruled Egypt, then permitted the nephew of the deceased vizier to be appointed in his place. This young man had accompanied his uncle in all his wars, and was a skilful commander. We have already mentioned him as having been present at the siege of Damascus. Saladin was thus raised up to great dignity to become the scourge of the Crusaders.

Saladin had never put himself forward in any way in state affairs. He had rather the reputation of an easy-going person who was rather inclined to dissipation than to politics, and his very simplicity—or simulated simplicity—in connection

with complicated state business was the inducement which led



ASSAULT OF JERUSALEM.

Noureddin to nominate him to the vacant post of vizier. His

appointment was at first opposed by jealous rivals, but the emirs soon found that Saladin could dispense money with a free hand, and make it worth their while to be friendly. By judicious bribery, and other acts, he ingratiated himself in the opinion of all classes. The caliph was a cypher in his hands, and Saladin virtually ruled the kingdom.

The death of the caliph placed Saladin in possession, and aroused the jealousy of Nouredin himself. He accordingly made preparations to go into Egypt and see how matters stood; but death overtook him ere he could accomplish his purpose. Then Saladin no longer pretended to hide his designs. He at once threw off all disguise, deposed the sons of Nouredin, and made himself master of the whole country—his empire extending from the borders of the Nile to the Tigris.

Amalric of Jerusalem again made an attempt to gain Egypt with the promised assistance of the Greck emperor. But the latter failed him, and Amalric died without accomplishing his designs. His son was a leper and could not succeed, so his sister's husband, Guy of Lusignan, was appointed regent, and when Baldwin IV. died, Guy became King of Jerusalem in his wife's right. Dissentions as usual arose, and just at the time when unity was necessary, Saladin advanced against the Christians with an army of thirty thousand men.

The cause of this new war was Reginald of Chatillon, a man who had fought his way up into notice by a series of romantic incidents which are surprising. He had no quality but courage to recommend him, yet he became Prince of Antioch. He was simply a "predatory baron," and in that capacity surprised and took a castle of the Mussulmans, and seized their caravans. Saladin immediately demanded satisfaction from the King of Jerusalem, though the Mussulmans had been defeated at Ascalon, and then the sultan came down upon the Christians for the third time.



SEAL OF AMAURY I.

The battle near Tiberias was most decisive. Saladin drove his enemies back, and having deprived them of all water-supply, fired the woods and nearly suffocated them. A massacre ensued and hundreds of the leaders were carried to Saladin's tent, where safety by renunciation of their religion, or death, were the alternatives. Guy of Lusignan accepted the cup of water of apostasy; but the rest, including Chatillon and the knights, Hospitallers, and Templars, boldly rejected the terms, and were slain in cold blood.

Thus the principal places all fell into the hands of Saladin,

Tyre alone remaining. Thence the sultan advanced against Jerusalem, and after fourteen days it capitulated. Saladin ordered a massacre, but his pity was aroused when the inhabitants came forth; and he not only spared thousands whom he had in his rage sworn to destroy, but dismissed the women and poor people with presents and money.

Jerusalem was now again in the hands of the Moslem. Saladin having dismissed his captives and permitted the Hospitallers to remain in attendance on the wounded, entered the city in triumph, and degraded the emblems of Christianity. But his kindness and generosity to the people prove Saladin to have been a humane and civilised enemy when his passions were not aroused. He again attacked Tyre, where the Marquis of Montferrat defied him, and the siege was abandoned; but Ascalon, Sidon, Bethlehem, and other places fell into the Moslem's power, and the Latin sovereignty of Palestine collapsed.



CHAPTER XII.

THE THIRD CRUSADE.

RESULT OF THE BATTLE OF TIBERIAS—THE MEETING AT
GISORS—FREDERICK BARBAROSSA—RICHARD CŒUR DE LION
AND PHILIP IN PALESTINE.

THE dread intelligence of the fall of Jerusalem and its occupation by the victorious Saladin created a tremendous excitement in Western Europe, when the particulars of the battle of Tiberias were received. William of Tyre, archbishop and historian, quitted the East and travelled through Europe exciting the various rulers, and their subjects, to arm against the Saracens. All the sovereigns except the Spanish monarchs accepted the trust, and enthusiasm again reigned.

Frederick Barbarossa was the most active in his preparations, as he was almost the first to be influenced by the preaching and exhortations of the archbishop. The great Emperor of Germany was then an aged man—seventy warlike years had passed over his head. While still a young man, he had accompanied his uncle Conrad to the disastrous Second Crusade which Bernard had preached; and, when Conrad died in 1152,

Frederick ascended the throne. Forty years had since passed in turmoil and dispute with the Pope and the Italians. Carlyle calls this period "a heavily-laden hard time" for the emperor, who "besieged Milan six times over," and "made Gebhardus

the governor of Milan lie chained, for three days, under his table like a dog."

Leaving him to his preparations, William of Tyre, who has recorded the events of the Crusade, proceeded to the French and English kings, who



TAKING OF JERUSALEM.

were at that time at war. Philip Augustus had succeeded Louis, whose proposed second expedition with Henry II. had been frustrated by his death. But the monarchs who were contending for the district of Vexin arranged a meeting at Gisors where William of Tyre was present. The archbishop appealed to their feelings, with the result that the two kings fell into each other's arms and embraced each other, amid loud acclamations and cries of "The Cross." The "Sacred

Field" in which this interesting event happened was subsequently the site of a church, and once again the cry went forth, "To arms against the Infidel." (1188.)

The enthusiasm spread as quickly as before, and everyone who could bear arms, or who was afraid of getting the "distaff and the wool" to spin like a woman, took up arms and hastened to the Holy Land even before the sovereigns had started. A tax was imposed which called for a tenth



BATTLE OF TIBERIAS.

of each man's possessions, and even the clergy, who endeavoured to escape the payment, were, with but few exceptions, obliged to contribute; and Saladin's tithe, as Gibbon says, "is the noblest monument of a conqueror's fame and of the terror he inspired." A council was held at Geddington in Northamptonshire at which the terms of the tithe were imposed on the English people, and £70,000 were collected from the Christians, £60,000 from the Jews. Henry II. was also personally very

liberal in the cause. But the troubles brought about by Richard, the peace which Henry had to make with Philip Augustus, whose cause Richard had espoused against his father, all tended to divert the French and English from the Crusade. Henry II. indeed accepted the French king's terms, but died broken-hearted and condemning Richard for his unfilial conduct.

Meanwhile Frederick Barbarossa had called a convention at Mayence; and, with the Dukes of Austria and Moravia, and the flower of Teutonic chivalry, he advanced against Saladin, who had defiantly refused to surrender Jerusalem in reply to the emperor's demand. About 160,000 men composed the German contingent, and in their march to Jerusalem they met with outward assistance, but concealed hostility, as their predecessors had done. The emperor led them to Constantinople, where Isaac Angelus received him without enthusiasm, and induced the Turks to harass the Crusaders.

Frederick, however, passed on and crossed the Hellespont without entering the capital at all. Philadelphia did not bear out its title, but received the Christians with marked coldness. Laodicea, however, made up in warmth for the unpleasant reception of the Philadelphians, and Iconium was soon captured, after a conflict on the Meander, where the Crusaders were assailed by the treacherous sultan.

In the passage of the river the Duke of Suabia was drowned. When Frederick heard of the loss of his son, he for a time gave

way to great grief; but at length exclaiming, "Woe is me—my son is slain, but Christ lives," the aged emperor proceeded manfully against the city of Iconium, driving the enemy before him. The place was surrendered after an obstinate engagement, and no further encounters interrupted the march of the Temple hosts.

In the spring of 1190, the German army, whose approach had alarmed Saladin, lost their intrepid leader. They had reached the Calycadnus—a small stream, and while the baggage was being taken over, the emperor, it is said, rested by a rock on which was inscribed: "Here the greatest of men shall perish!" The emperor determined to cross the river, and plunged in; but the stream was too rapid for the horse, and Frederick, carried down, was dashed against a tree and immersed in the icy water. The troops raised a cry of terror and alarm, and the emperor was quickly rescued, but he was insensible. The shock was too great, and the brave leader almost immediately expired on the bank of a stream.*

There the funeral rites were performed, and subsequently the bones were carried for interment in Jerusalem. But the remains never reached the Holy City. The bones were interred at Tyre,

* A difference of opinion appears to exist concerning the name of the river in which Frederick met his death, and the manner of it. Some say he bathed in the stream, and it was the Cydnus, not the Calycadnus.

by the archbishop, and the flesh (previously) at Antioch, from which the Saracens had retired.

The death of the emperor was received with incredulity in Germany; but the hopes of Saladin were re-kindled by the news, and he harassed the Germans continually. They reached Acre in the autumn, under the leadership of the Duke of Suabia, where the order of Teutonic knights was instituted, and for a time flourished under the title of the Teutonic knights of the House of St. Mary of Jerusalem. Their outer dress was a white mantle with a black cross, embroidered with gold.

Acre had already been undergoing a siege by the Crusaders, who had hastened by thousands to Tyre after the fall of Jerusalem. Saladin himself came to the rescue, and attacked the camp of the Crusaders, while reinforcements were continually arriving for both parties. This siege within a siege had already continued nearly two years, when the Teutons arrived, wearied and decimated after their long trials and severe battles.

While these events had been taking place in the East, Philip and Richard had arranged a plan of action at home. The latter, now King of England, repented of his unfilial conduct; he determined to expiate his faults and gain the favour of Heaven as well as the applause of men, by undertaking the Crusade which he had already sworn to support. The first symptoms of religious fanaticism broke out with a violent persecution of the Jews in London and York, where they had their

chief assemblies. Richard did not attempt to check this persecution, but used it as a means to obtain funds for his expedition, for the fulfilment of which he was ready to sell the city of London itself. The conquest of Palestine was his leading idea, and he spared no pains to accomplish his ambition, disposing of titles, towns and castles, in pursuance of his scheme for getting the sinews of war.

Fortunately, he found a fleet almost ready to his hand, which Henry II. had caused to be built, and these vessels, with numerous others added by Richard himself, constituted a very formidable armament, which assembled at Dartmouth for inspection, and whence it subsequently sailed. Richard himself, having been summoned by Philip Augustus, crossed the channel in December, 1189, and after a meeting, the actual commencement of their expedition was postponed from Easter, for which it had originally been fixed, until Midsummer (1190, A.D.).

Many peculiar and barbarous punishments were framed into a code for the terror of evil doers during this crusade; for instance, murder was punished by drowning the guilty one tied to his victim. Anyone drawing his sword against his fellow in anger, was condemned to lose his hand. A thief was to be anointed with boiling pitch, and subsequently to have feathers stuck on his head.

At Vezelai Richard and Philip Augustus joined forces which have been reckoned at 100,000 men. They all marched as far

south as Lyons, where the monarchs separated. Philip was obliged to proceed to Genoa to take ship, but Richard had agreed to meet his fleet at Marseilles, and Philip in Sicily.

The weather had been extremely boisterous, however, and the English fleet which had sailed from Dartmouth was dispersed and many vessels lost during the passage of the Bay of Biscay. When Richard reached Marseilles he found that his fleet had not arrived, and he waited for a time; but his impatience soon hurried him away; so attended by only a small number of his men, he embarked for Genoa in hired transports. He reached the peninsula, and true to his chivalric character, exposed himself to many rash adventures, and ran considerable risks. He reached Messina in safety, however, where he met the King of France.

Tancred, the king of the island, was then at war with Germany on account of the succession to the Sicilian throne, which he had usurped. The Princess Constance was the heir to the throne, and the widowed queen, sister to Richard Plantagenet, had actually been put in prison by Tancred. No wonder the prince was alarmed at the arrival of the English king and his allies. Richard at once threw himself into the dispute, and demanded his sister's liberty and her dowry, which had been withheld. Tancred complied with the former, but demurred at the latter request. The English monarch then seized a castle in which he placed his sister, expelled the monks from Messina,



DEPARTURE OF RICHARD I. FOR PALESTINE.

and generally conducted himself in a high-handed manner, which drew upon him the wrath and indignation of the Messinians. Philip had meantime espoused the quarrel of the Sicilians, and thus disunion threatened the armies of the West.

Peace was, however, restored; and the Sicilians, perceiving that Richard was not to be trifled with, consented to pay all moneys owing to the queen or her family. Messina was handed into the custody of the French king, and Richard encamped outside the city walls, as conflicts had more than once already arisen between the French and English soldiers.

Thus the winter passed away, during which Philip, it is said, conceived the idea of expelling the English, who became friendly with Tancred. This prince did much to sow dissension between the monarchs, for he feared that their occupation would be his ruin. The result of these attempts was the increasing suspicion entertained by each of the western rulers for the other, and this led to disputes which Richard's choice of a bride did not tend to dissipate.

For Richard had been betrothed to Alice, Philip's sister; but Henry II., in whose guardianship the lady and her dowry had been placed, did not at first accede to his son's rather reluctant demand for her hand and fortune. The contract had never been annulled, but Richard had subsequently fallen in love with the daughter of the king of Navarre, the beautiful Berengaria; and when the prince became King of England he demanded her

hand in marriage. His request was granted, and Berengaria arrived in Messina as bride-elect of the English monarch. This avoidance of the contract with his sister, Philip resented, but finally gave way on being presented with a large sum of money, and quitted Messina before the celebration of the royal nuptials, which had been fostered by Eleanor of Guienne, the determined foe of the French, since she had been renounced by Louis of France, and married to Henry II.

It will thus be perceived that there was considerable provocation offered to Philip Augustus, whose plans for his sister's marriage had been persistently thwarted by Richard's mother, Eleanor, who now brought the bride-elect to her son. So Philip departed, and was quickly followed by Richard to Acre without waiting to celebrate the wedding. Berengaria and Richard's sister embarked at the same time in another vessel, and accompanied the English forces to the Holy Land.



CHAPTER XIII.

RICHARD IN CYPRUS—HIS MARRIAGE—SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF
ACRE—THE BATTLE OF ASSUR.

BUT it was fated that an interruption should take place and other conquests made before they reached Acre. A storm arose and scattered the ships. Berengaria's galley, with other vessels, were driven into Cyprus, where they did not meet with the most courteous treatment. The news was conveyed to Richard, who immediately proceeded to the island, and wreaked his vengeance, not only upon the ruler, but on the people, who had refused his ships admittance to the port.

Isaac, the ruler of the island, was inclined to defy the English, but he soon discovered that they made little account of his menaces. Richard at once led an assault upon Limisso, and took it. Isaac himself was captured, and bound with silver fetters specially forged for him—a tribute to his importance and vanity which he could have dispensed with. Richard took the opportunity to wed Berengaria, and for a few weeks all was

merriment and joy. His ambition at length called him to arms, and the whole force set sail again for Acre, where it arrived in June, with the prince of the silver chains and his daughter in his train.

We have already mentioned that Acre, garrisoned by the Saracens, had been for many months besieged by the Crusaders before Philip Augustus and Richard arrived. Saladin had come in person, and, in his turn had besieged the camp of the besiegers of the city. The continued arrival of ships and soldiers seriously alarmed Saladin, who would not yield. But at length the Crusaders determined to show fight and decide the question. Many battles were fought and much blood spilt, however, ere the city fell into the hands of the Christians.

When Richard arrived before Acre, he was greeted with enthusiasm, and the two armies were distinctly visible, both spectators of the arrival of the lion-hearted king and his bride. The day was the 8th of June, and was quite a festival. The king of France received the English queen, and great rejoicings were apparent throughout the Crusaders' camps. Surrounded by the picked members of English and French chivalry, the monarchs met again, with renewed protestations of friendship, which were as unstable as the sand under their feet.

The rival claims to the kingdom of Jerusalem found Philip advocating the side of Conrad of Montferrat. Richard, in his perverse antagonism, immediately espoused the cause of Guy of

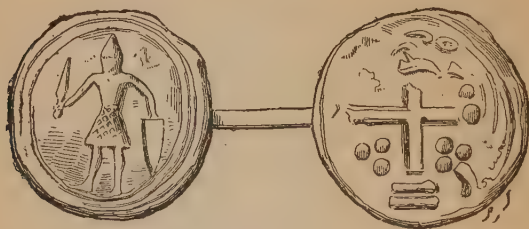
Lusignan, in which he was supported by the Pisans, the military Order of St. John, and of course the English. So two parties were formed in the camp; the Templars, Germans and Genoese remaining on the side of the French king. This division for a time proved disastrous, for each side childishly held aloof when the other advanced to the assault, and thus imperilled the ultimate success of the enterprise, while Richard, like Achilles, rested sullenly in his position.

Sickness overtook the English king, and Saladin, with true generosity, sent him his own "leeches" to cure his enemy. The romancer tells us that he came himself in physician's guise to Richard, who was still pushing on the siege, and who even caused himself to be carried into the plain upon a litter and to shoot a bolt at the besieged. Philip also succumbed to the climate, and the rivals accused each other of being the cause of their illnesses respectively.

The siege of Acre was witness to many acts of individual heroism, and the bold Alberic Clements actually penetrated into the town, but was killed. The Earl of Leicester and the Bishop of Salisbury also greatly distinguished themselves. The ditch was filled up, the great tower destroyed, and the walls swept by the English unaided; but they could not thus succeed. So an alliance was again made, the rival armies once more became united, and although progress was slow it was sure. The Saracens became alarmed. The trenches were filled with

dead bodies: the hated standard of the Cross was daily advancing nearer and nearer. Richard was himself once again, thanks to the delicious refreshments sent in by the generous Saladin; and, mounted upon the beautiful Arab horse which the Saracen had given him when the king's English charger had fallen, Cœur de Lion battled desperately.

"We will defend the city!" cried the Saracens. "As the



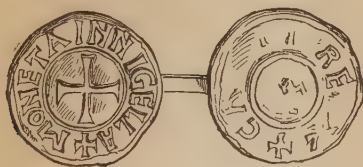
COIN OF BAUDOUIN OF EDESSA.

lion defends his blood-stained lair, so will we." Brave words, these, from the emirs, but unfortunately the stern logic of events was too strong for them. Meantime Saladin was informed of the desperate state of affairs, but he made no answer, and the governor soon proceeded to the camp of the Crusaders to treat for terms.

He offered to surrender the city if the inhabitants were permitted to go free; but the monarchs in council declined to accede to this, and demanded that *all* the towns occupied by Saracens should be surrendered as well as Acre. So the Saracen

commander returned in despair, and determined to quit the city by stealth with his followers. Here again he was baffled, and the negotiations ended in the garrison only being permitted to withdraw, leaving all their arms and material of war.

The Crusaders entered Acre on the 12th of July, 1192, and reared the banner of the Cross upon the ramparts. The commander had also engaged that Saladin should pay two hundred thousand pieces of gold within forty days, and, failing the



COIN OF THE LORDS OF NESLE.

accomplishment of this engagement, the prisoners in the city were to be at the mercy of the conquerors. These terms being ratified, the Saracen army, or all that remained of it, departed.

The great siege of Acre lasted more than two years, and the loss of life has been variously estimated. Some writers have placed the number of lives lost as high as three hundred thousand, and there can be no doubt the total was a fearful one. Nor did the carnage end with the siege; for Saladin delayed to send the money he had, through his lieutenant, agreed to pay.

Though he sent Richard valuable presents, the English monarch returned them and declined to grant any more time. Saladin, in his rage, ordered all his Christian prisoners to be slain, and Richard only waited till the stipulated time had elapsed to bring out and slay in cold blood all the Moslems—nearly three thousand—who remained in his hands. This horrible deed was done in open day, in full sight of the Saracen camp.



“ COIN OF NECESSITY.”

Before this scene was enacted, however, Philip Augustus had quitted the Crusaders' camp in consequence of his jealousy of Richard of England. The English monarch had also contrived to give mortal offence to Leopold of Austria by removing his banners from one of the towers of Acre. Leopold, it will be remembered, had accompanied the Teutons to Palestine, and commenced the siege of Acre among the first besiegers. He no doubt considered he had a certain claim upon the city; but Richard's haughty pride would brook no rival. Perceiving the Austrian's banner waving from the turret, Richard immediately bade his attendants to have it removed, and it was accordingly struck and thrown into the moat below, greatly to the disap-

pointment and rage of the Duke Leopold, who swore to be avenged.

Thus Richard made himself enemies, where, by a little consideration, he might have secured friends. So distrustful was he of Philip that he exacted an oath from the French monarch, that he would not invade his dominions when he returned to France. Philip took the oath required, but endeavoured to get



COIN OF BOHEMOND OF ANTIOCH.

absolved from it by the Pope. Celestine refused to release the king from his obligation; nevertheless, when Philip reached France he determined to invade Richard's possessions. But castellans of Richard, in his castles at Anjou and other places, made ready. Philip's own knights refused to assist him, and the Pope threatened him. So the treacherous king was foiled in his enterprise.

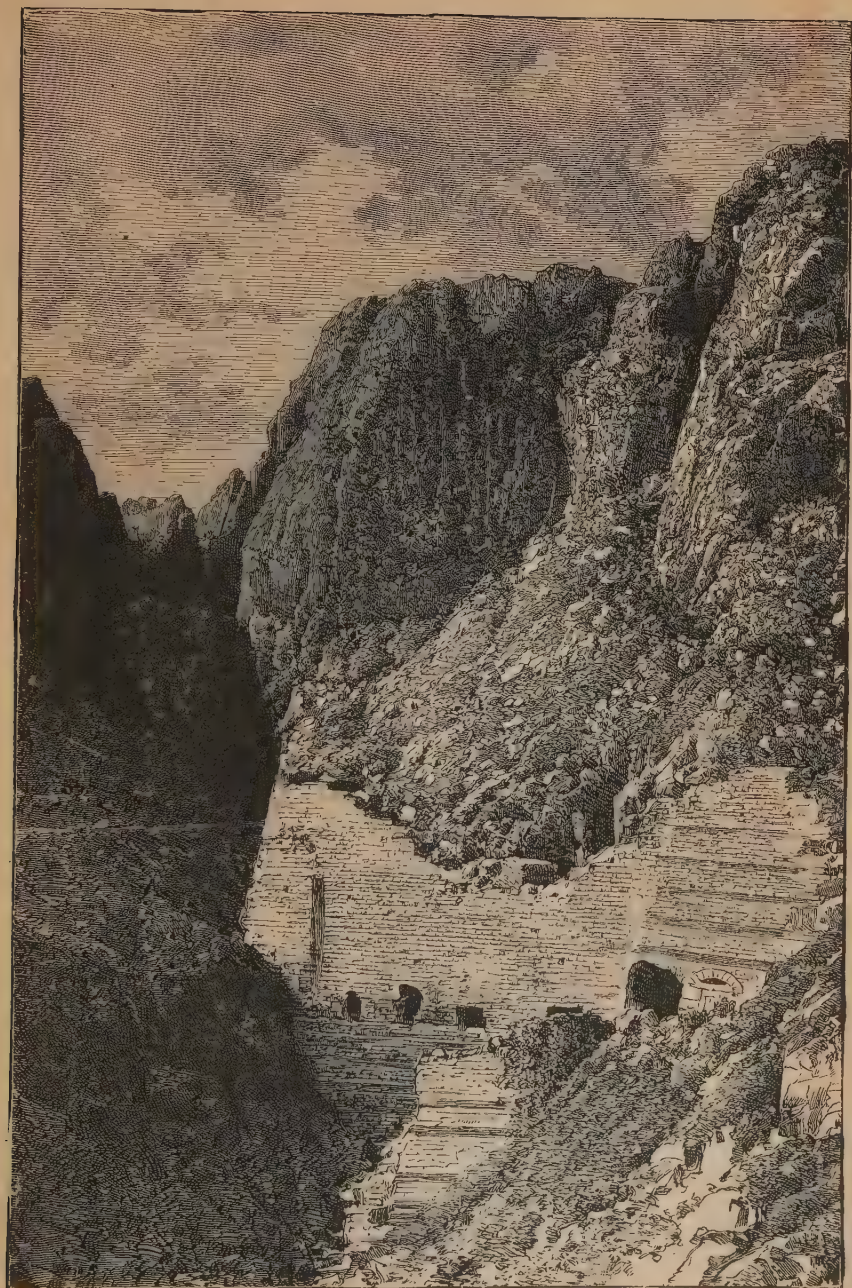
After remaining awhile encamped by the ruins of Acre, Richard commanded a march towards Jerusalem. The works and walls of Acre were put in a better condition, and, leaving a garrison in the town, the Crusaders, without any of the ladies and with no followers but washerwomen, marched towards Assur,

skirmishing with the Saracens all the time, but proceeding steadily on the way. The redoubtable band of Templar Knights led the van of the army. Richard and his English and French were in the centre, and the Germans with the Knights of St. John brought up the rear.

In parallel columns with clouds of horsemen, Saladin measured the miles with the invader, carrying off stragglers, and keeping the whole force on the alert, day and night. Still the Crusaders pressed on doggedly, and reached the vicinity of Assur without having encountered any serious opposition. But by the middle of September Saladin had manœuvred his immense army in front of the Crusaders; and when he had devastated the country behind him, he drew up his forces upon the margin of the river in the plain of Assur, covering the town, and occupying the high ground besides.

On the morning of Saturday, 7th September, 1192, the Saracens prepared to give battle, and the Christians hastened to accept the gift. The English standard was mounted upon a moving tower, and served as a rallying point. A special "colour guard" was told off for its protection. The army, arrayed in five divisions, commanded by the most renowned chiefs, advanced steadily; but in a short time was surrounded by the Saracens, "as eye-lashes surround the eye."

Nevertheless, the Crusaders continued their formation, though scarcely could the fierce Templars be prevented from charging,



THE "IRON GATES" OF ANTIOCH.

and the Hospitallers grew as impatient. The attacks of the Saracens became closer and closer. The Grand Master of the Templars came to the king, and requested leave to break the line and charge the enemy. "It is our duty to sustain attack, good Grand Master," replied the king.

"We are losing our horses rapidly," replied the Grand Master, "and are in danger of eternal disgrace an we do not repulse them."

The knights joined in the cry, and the encounter began by Sir James d'Avennes, supported by the English horsemen, charging the white-clothed Saracen host. Twice did this doughty warrior penetrate the Moslem ranks, and as many as twelve Infidels had fallen to his arm, when he received a wound which caused him to fall from his horse, and he died, sword in hand, pierced by countless wounds, calling upon Richard to avenge him.

The king came bravely with his men-at-arms to his cavalry's assistance. The infantry, already steadied by many severe encounters before Acre, presented a very formidable front to the enemy's horsemen. Foremost came the towering frame and handsome steed of the "Melech Ric," as the king was called by his enemies; and on every side the ponderous battle-axe fell, and an expiring foe beneath it every time. No infidel could withstand the charge of the dreaded Englishman. Superstitious terror was kept alive by unexampled bravery and daring,

well supported by the steady infantry, who engaged the Saracens hand to hand, and steel to steel. Shield and buckler, sword and lance met and parried, while high in the din of the clashing arms came the cry, "Ha, St. George!" from Cœur de Lion, as another Saracen, and yet another, bit the desert's dust.

"St. George" again called attention to the king, who was at length matched by a foeman worthy of his steel. Saladin himself had remarked the burly form of Richard in the press of men and horses, and made his way towards him to stop the adverse tide. The combatants hesitated when these mighty warriors engaged; but the power of Richard prevailed, and the Saracen chief was beaten down. Then the battle closed again, and the Saracenic host was driven back into the oak-wood which protected them.

Saladin was extremely angry at the defeat of his army, and rebuked his generals, who attributed the victory to Richard's magic power which no mortal could withstand. But western armour as well as western arms counted, no doubt, as something in the bargain. The loss of the Saracens was very great; but, considering the severe nature of the fighting, the Crusaders on this occasion suffered comparatively little. The death of the brave D'Avennes was much regretted, for he was regarded as "a pillar of the Christian cause."

Richard proposed to proceed to Ascalon, but his leaders wished to fortify the towns on the coast. So he yielded to

advice, and retired to Joppa (Jaffa), where, amid the olive groves and pleasant gardens, all yielded themselves to rest and luxury. Even the king, who had sent for his wife and attendants, remained amusing himself in hunting and hawking, in which pastimes he had many adventures, one at least of a very dangerous character, as will be seen.



CHAPTER XIV.

THE CRUSADERS AT JAFFA — RICHARD'S PERIL — TRUCE WITH
SALADIN — RIVAL CLAIMANTS TO THE THRONE OF JERUSALEM —
ASCALON REBUILT — DEATH OF CONRAD : RESULTS.

RICHARD was himself anxious to push forward towards Ascalon, after he had defeated the Saracens at Assur ; but having taken counsel of his companions they decided for a return to Jaffa, which needed all their care. There were also other places remaining unfortified which the Christian leaders believed ought to be protected ; so the army retraced its steps, leaving Ascalon to the mercies of the Turks, and the King of England led his forces to Jaffa, where they settled themselves in the gardens, as the town was practically defenceless.

The Crusaders had not long been encamped, however, when news came that Saladin, having taken advantage of their retrograde movement, had proceeded to Ascalon, and was besieging it. This intelligence Richard discredited, and sent Guy de Lusignan to find out the truth or falsehood of the report.

When the knight returned and confirmed the ill-report, the

king called a council, and when the French leaders assembled he proposed that they should relieve Ascalon or proceed at once to Jerusalem. The latter course they ought to have acted on before.

But, as was not unusual, the French wished just the opposite



GREEK EMPEROR SURROUNDED BY HIS COURT.

to everything the English suggested. So, when Richard suggested a move, the Duke of Burgundy and his captains demurred.

“Much better remain where we are,” said they. “Let us

restore the fortifications of Jaffa rather than proceed, and make the place safe for those who come after us.”

This opinion finally prevailed, and the Crusaders remained for a time engaged in restoring the walls. But this occupation, so different from their ideas of the Crusade, was but languidly prosecuted, and by degrees the chiefs and knights fell away and departed to Acre, where amusements awaited them.

Richard was much annoyed at their defection, and when many had left him he sent his useful De Lusignan to Acre, to bid his companions return to duty, and leave the temptations of the town. All in vain. De Lusignan threatened and implored, but they owed him no obedience, and the sinful attractions of Acre were many. So, when Guy returned and made known the condition of things, Richard went in person and commanded his unruly vassals to return with him.

This mandate they did not dare to disobey, and Richard at the same time escorted to Jaffa Berengaria his queen, Joan his sister, and the other ladies of the court who had accompanied the army from Sicilly to Acre. The presence of so many dames and damsels of high degree created the nucleus of a court in the English camp, and around this the pleasure-loving and loyal Crusaders assembled; forgetting in the brilliancy of the queen's presence the reason why they had come into the East at all.

We learn that even Richard Cœur de Lion himself luxuriated

under these pleasant conditions. His young wife and he were devoted to each other, and music, with games and hunting-parties were much more agreeable occupations than encounter-



BETHLEHEM.

ing the Infidel, even though glory lay more in the latter direction. Richard paid much more attention to falconry than to fighting; hawks had more charms for him than harassing

an enemy, though that wily enemy was not far off, and only biding his time.

Saladin had, as usual, perfect information concerning the invaders' movements; and was aware that Richard was accustomed to ride forth, with a few followers, to hawk, confident in his moral influence and physical strength. The king was, however, not unprepared for an encounter, rash as he appeared; when Saladin endeavoured to take him at a disadvantage, and make him prisoner.

One day the opportunity came. The king went out and penetrated farther into the country than he had been wont to do. He had good sport. Fatigued with his exertions, he lay down under a tree to rest, and fell asleep, leaving his knights to watch. They did so after a fashion, but the secret Saracen was too much for them. A band of Turks came down silently and surrounded the royal party.

The attendant knights had scarcely time to awake the king when the enemy came upon them. Richard leaped on his horse; and, now refreshed and fighting literally for life, his attack was terrible. The Turks gave way before the Melech Ric: his strong arm laid many a turbaned head in the dust, and the Saracens fled. Meeting with a reinforcement they rallied, however, and again pressed the English sore. The king was on the very point of being seized, when William de Pratelles, who had been fighting very bravely, called out,—

“Spare me—I am the king.”

The Saracens were satisfied. They did not for the moment doubt the statement, and rushed upon the knight. He unwillingly surrendered; and Richard, perceiving the coast clear, spurred from the field as fast as his good horse would carry him. The brave knight, who permitted himself to be taken prisoner, remained in the hands of the Infidels for many months, but was ransomed by Richard before he returned to Europe.

But this was not the only occasion on which Richard ran a risk. On at least two other occasions he was in danger unexpectedly. Once he was attacked by a wild boar which boldly charged him; and, had it not been for the king's trained steed and his rider's excellent management, the king would have come off second best. As it was, he lost his lance in the encounter, but succeeded in killing the boar by a back-handed blow when the animal was passing him in a furious charge.

Another hand-to-hand fight with the Saracens, in which he rescued the Earl of Leicester and a party of Knights Templars almost single-handed, raised Richard even higher, if possible, in the opinion of friends and foes. The Saracens had a wholesome dread of him; and Joinville says that, when their horses started at a bush, they cried out, “Do you think you see the King of England?” When children cried, their mothers would frighten them into quiescence again by threatening to bring

the king to them. The same use was made of the "Black" Douglas in after years in England, where the nurses used to console their charges when fretful by singing—

"Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye—
The Black Douglas shall not get ye!"

The walls of Jaffa were at length restored; but even then negotiations with Saladin, whether made *bond fide* or otherwise (we suspect the latter), detained the English king in the town. Saladin no doubt wished to keep the Crusaders as far from Jerusalem as possible, and his brother Saphadin was permitted to pass between the armies.

It is stated that during these negotiations an alliance between the Saracens and English was suggested, namely, the marriage of Joan, the king's sister, to the brother of Saladin. This union, however, met with no support from either army, and was abandoned.

Saladin, while delaying the advance of the Crusaders, had been on very friendly terms with them; but, when the negotiations came to nought after two or three months, he did not hesitate to harass the Crusaders' army with all his power. They advanced to Ramula, the Arimathea of Scripture, and passed through the Valley of Sharon, which was for them anything but a delight. The wind and rain tore the tents, and rusted arms and armour, so that the progress made was little indeed. All the while the Turks never ceased to harass their enemies, so

that the Earl of Leicester had as much as he could do to ward off these flying attacks.

Being now November, the army could not advance upon Jerusalem, after all. The Crusaders actually penetrated to Bethany; but, their condition becoming worse and worse, they retreated to Ascalon, which Saladin had reduced to a heap of ruins.

Richard was terribly disappointed, and the intelligence he had received from England respecting the conduct of his brother John did not tend to mend matters. The old romance says—

“Thenne ther com most wykke tydyng
To Quer de Lyonn, Richard our kyng,
Hou off Ynglonde hys brother Jhon . . .
Wolde with maystry off hand,
Be crownyd Kyng in Yngeland.”

While the Crusaders remained at Ascalon they employed themselves in rebuilding the fortifications, as they did at Jaffa and other places. All the warriors, priests, and bishops took up the tools with the king himself, and the walls soon rose. Leopold of Austria was the only one who altogether declined to address himself to the work. He declared that he was “neither carpenter nor mason,” and (though his men worked under pressure) he firmly declined, in the words preserved for us—

“Though your walls should all to shake,
I shall never help them make.”

Whereat Richard was greatly incensed and pushed the Duke down, and at the same time ordered him to leave the Crusaders' ranks—

“Home, shrew, coward, and sleep !
Come no more in no wise,
Never oft in God's service.”

But ere the works were completed Richard was deserted by his French allies, who retired to Acre because the royal coffers were exhausted, and the king could not give them their stipulated pay.* Gaza was, however, rebuilt and handed over to its old masters, the Templars.

At Acre, the French found amusement, and others employment in fighting. The Pisans and Genoese quarrelled respecting the rival claims to the kingdom of Jerusalem.

The Pisans declared for Guy de Lusignan, and the Genoese for Conrad de Montferrat, who then aided his friends with his troops, notwithstanding his allegiance to Richard. Cœur de Lion then proceeded to Acre, and put an end to the dispute, but Conrad withdrew to Tyre and allied himself with Saladin. Thus the French and English were in opposition; and when Richard, having patched up matters locally at Acre, returned to Ascalon, he found the Frenchmen there anxious to unite with their countrymen at Tyre. So he gave them an escort, “for

* Mill's “History of the Crusades.”

fear such summer warriors should take harm by the way ;” and then continued the work, assisted by his nephew, Henry of Champagne.

At this juncture the Prior of Hereford arrived from England with despatches for the King, comprising the evil tidings of Prince John’s desire to usurp the crown of England. The chancellor, in his letters, begged Richard to return ; and this news put the King in a quandary. Should he leave the armies already divided, or risk the loss of his kingdom ? Who could be left in command of the Crusaders ? Richard’s good sense told him that the best man for the occasion was Conrad of Montferrat ; but this knight was his enemy, and policy declined to accept him.

Nevertheless common sense prevailed. With characteristic generosity, Richard took the side of duty ; and, calling an assembly of the Crusaders, he told them that his presence in England was necessary, and that they must nominate his successor in the leadership.

This communication spread consternation amid the Crusaders, who begged the King to reconsider his decision ; but he explained his reasons and gave them the choice. There could be no question of the result. Guy was a cypher, Conrad a brave warrior ; and the Crusaders pronounced at once in favour of the latter. Richard accordingly sent for him, and when Conrad of Montferrat received the news he extolled the King’s generosity.

Conrad, therefore, made preparations for his command and coronation. Richard absent, he could do as he pleased; and, now that the King had virtually declared in his favour, nothing intervened. Henry of Champagne carried the news to Conrad, and returned; but when he reached Acre he was astonished to hear that Conrad had been assassinated.



VICTORIES OF THE CRUSADERS.

This was startling news indeed. But a few days previously he had left the knight triumphant and hopeful, now he learns that he is dead; slain by the Assassins, a mountain tribe under the command of an "Ancient," the "Old Man of the Mountains!" To whom was the suggestion of this murder to be imputed? There were various replies to the question. Richard

was himself credited with the deed ; Saladin was also said to have bribed the "Old Man" to assassinate both Richard and Conrad, but only half the bargain had been performed. A third and not unlikely explanation seeks the cause in the acts of Conrad himself as related by the Assassins.

The Marquis of Montferrat had arbitrarily seized a vessel



VICTORIES OF THE CRUSADERS.

and cargo belonging to the "Ancient," and declined to restore them. The "Old Man" then, in Eastern fashion, determined on revenge ; and, when Conrad was dining with the Bishop of Beauvais, two Assassins entered, and, concealing themselves behind the pillars, seized an opportunity to stab the marquis. One man was at once caught, the other escaped ; but when the

body of the murdered man was brought into the church, the Assassin again sprang out, and buried his knife in the dead man's heart. The murderer was then caught and put to the torture, as well as his accomplice; both men declaring that they had been instigated by their chief, from a feeling of revenge for injuries received.

Nevertheless the French faction did not hesitate to attribute the murder to Richard, which was an ungenerous libel on the chivalrous king. Moreover, Conrad begged his wife to relinquish Tyre to Richard. The French demanded the place, but Isabella refused until Richard's pleasure should become known. Thus the dispute rested, until Henry of Champagne, who had at once retraced his steps from Acre, reached Tyre and interposed in the discussion.

Henry was a favourite with the people of all classes, and the Tyrians were quite willing to accept him as their lord if he would pave the way by wedding the widow of their late ruler. The French were very threatening, and Henry, believing his marriage would arrange matters satisfactorily, agreed to wed the widow, if she would accept him as her husband, and if the King approved. The monarch gave his ready consent, and the young widow was married again within a few weeks of the death of her first husband. Henry and Isabella were then titular King and Queen of Jerusalem. This was good policy, as the recognition of their claim through Conrad's widow was

acceptable to them ; so the breach between the rival nations was, in a measure, filled up. The Duke of Burgundy returned ; Richard determined to remain in Palestine and conquer Jerusalem, notwithstanding alarming news concerning Prince John and Philip Augustus.

The Crusaders advanced and seized Darum and handed it over to the French, who came up too late. The Saracens were alarmed for the safety of the Holy City, and fear reigned in the breast of Saladin himself when the Crusaders advanced and encamped in the Valley of Hebron.



CHAPTER XV.

ADVANCE AGAINST JERUSALEM BY RICHARD—THE CONDUCT OF
THE FRENCH—RICHARD RECOVERS JOPPA FROM SALADIN—
PEACE PROPOSED AND CONCLUDED.

THE alliance of the French and English seemed now secure, but Richard in his heart cherished his antipathy to the participation of the other leaders in his conquest of the Holy City. The Templars, too, were much too overbearing for a King who was determined to have his own way in everything, but their animosity was quelled by Richard appointing Guy de Lusignan to the kingdom of Cyprus, thus raised to the dignity of empire to satisfy the wishes of the new ruler. In this way Richard put an end to all strife, and compelled the adherence of his followers, even if he did not gain their regard or they his.

The Crusaders were now anxious to advance, and they did so as already stated. Only a month's supplies were taken, so confident were the warriors of victory; and they reached Bethlehem, anxious to proceed. It is remarkable that at this point the mind of Cœur de Lion should have been torn by indecision.



Speculations are scarcely necessary : whether he was jealous of divided command, or anxious to return to Europe, or honestly fearful of the hopelessness of conquest, we cannot tell. The fact remains: Cœur de Lion wavered. The lion paused in his spring and avoided the encounter.

But all this time skirmishing with the Saracens continued, and Richard himself got within sight of Jerusalem, when he was affected to tears to think he should never succeed in entering it. The French leaders were anxious to advance, alleging the fear in which the Saracens held the army as a powerful moral ally ; but Richard hung back, stating that conquest was impossible, and an immense sacrifice of life would ensue if the city were assailed. In any case the result would be failure, whether they made the attack or not.

At length a council of knights was appointed to determine the question of advance or retreat. Richard was against advance : the Austrians and the French were in favour of it. After a long consultation, the council determined to retire, and came to the conclusion that the advance could not be sustained under the circumstances ; and that a retreat to the sea-coast would be the safest plan to adopt.

This decision was received with incredulity, which afterwards gave way to feelings of anger and disappointment in the whole army. To have come all that distance, fighting every mile, and arrive at last within view of the Holy City, was a military

promenade which the Crusaders as a body could not understand nor appreciate. Richard came in for much odium, and even was led up within view of Jerusalem, but he declined to behold it, and covered his face with his shield. The result was a sad decrease in Richard's *prestige*, and the respect men had entertained for him rapidly declined.

There is no doubt that Richard was in his heart much mortified at the turn events had taken. His prudence was not recognized, and it may be his valour was even questioned; for we find him undertaking desperate enterprises afterwards with success from sheer valour and fighting power. With only a small number of men, he intercepted and seized an immense train of camels laden with supplies; and, as we shall presently see, his exploits at Jaffa almost eclipsed all his former efforts of bravery.

But even the gallant seizure of the camel caravan could not prevent the French from grumbling at the King's decision. "I will attend you as companion: I will not be your leader and accept the responsibility of the attack," said Richard in effect. An attack on Cairo was proposed, and the place could have been reached; but the French would have Jerusalem or nothing; so divided councils prevailed, and the Duke of Burgundy and Richard wrote satirical rhymes upon each other.

The retreat was at length ordered: shame-faced and in silence the Crusaders turned their backs upon the walls they had sworn

to penetrate. The Saracen sentries beheld the preparations with surprise and joy. Saladin sent swift and trusty messengers to his tribes, to say that the Western Warriors were retreating, and that their march must be interrupted. An army was soon ready, and Saladin coming rapidly down seized, or rather laid siege to Jaffa, ere the Crusaders had time to hear of its investment.

Acre had been the place where the dispirited allies—friends but in name—had elected to meet. Richard had already passed Jaffa, and left his sick there while he proceeded to Acre to prepare for their return to Europe. He had endeavoured to negotiate a truce, but the Infidel's terms included the destruction of Ascalon, and to this Richard would not agree. So matters stood when Saladin swooped upon Jaffa.

The Saracen ruler lost no time in the attack. He brought all his battering engines into play, and within a few days reduced the outer walls to a mass of ruins. An entry was then made, and the victorious Turks swept the little band of Christians before them, killing many as they drove the rest into the citadel. Others consulted their own safety with a discretion that was permissible under the circumstances, and put to sea.

The Patriarch of Jerusalem, however, would not yield. At the head of the few remaining survivors, he resisted all the force Saladin could bring against him, until, finding the walls giving way under the persistent attacks of the battering engines, he

displayed a flag of truce, and agreed to yield the place unless Richard sent assistance next day. A ransom was also agreed upon, and the patriarch offered himself and several knights as hostages for the performance of these conditions. Saladin agreed and waited a few hours.

While these events were taking place at Jaffa, Richard was busy making preparations at Acre for the return of his army to Europe. The greater part of his forces had already embarked when in hot haste arrived a messenger from Jaffa, telling him of the attack which Saladin had made, and begging assistance. Richard at once proposed that the armies should return and chastise the Infidels, but the French refused to have any more to do with the Crusade. The Templars, Hospitallers, and the Pisans, Genoese, and English, however, agreed to retrace their steps. The Templars and other knights under the leadership of the Count of Champagne proceeded by land. The King and a few followers took ship, but were detained by contrary winds until the very day on which the patriarch had agreed to surrender Jaffa to Saladin.

The arrangements were on the point of being carried out, when Richard appeared with his small force. But though his name and fame compensated for the weakness of his troops, the Turks were in no way daunted by the arrival of such small succour. They determined to prevent the landing, and came down in numbers to the landing-place to dispute the disem-

barkation. The town appeared to be in possession of the Turks, and, seeing none of his friends, the King hesitated for some time in the endeavour to ascertain the actual condition of affairs.

While Richard was on the deck in consultation with his friends, a man was perceived in the water swimming for very life towards the King's vessel. His approach was anxiously waited for, and when he had succeeded in clambering on board, the reason of his desperate exploit became intelligible. The patriarch in the citadel had observed the King's dilemma, and had sent one of the priests to Richard to explain the conditions of peace and the state of the garrison. The priest implored the knights to land at once, and the King wanted no further bidding. The boats were launched, and, filled with men, rowed towards the shore. But the water was too shallow to enable the men to land. Richard, however, set the example by jumping into the water, which reached to his thighs, and wading ashore in face of the Turks. The soldiers kept up a close discharge of arrows, and into the midst of the Saracens Cœur de Lion and his followers made their way. They paused not a moment, but cut and hewed a path to the citadel by sheer force of arm and armour. The few remaining soldiers in the citadel now made a sally, and came to the assistance of Richard. The result was, the Turks, though numbering many thousands, were repulsed, and the "*Melch Ric*" was more dreaded than ever.

This great advantage had actually been gained by five-hundred desperate men, led by Richard against thousands of Saladin's warriors. They evacuated the city, and left the ruins to the brave band who had so gallantly gained it. A few days were spent in endeavouring to repair the walls, while the astonished Turks tried to recover from their defeat.

Saladin was very angry when he perceived such a handful of men in possession of Jaffa after all his trouble. He determined to surprise the doughty Christians before the expected assistance had arrived. But, while he planned, Henry of Champagne and his Templars were marching and reached the ruined city before Saladin's attack had been delivered. The weary Crusaders lay down to sleep, and Saladin advanced his men silently during the night.

The Christian camp was silent. Scarce a warrior but was reposing after the fatigue of the past day, and in anticipation of a weary morrow. There were few scouts, for horses were wanting—only ten mounted knights remained with the king; and the enemy, on Arab steeds, treading lightly came down in the grey of the morning like white spectres mingling with the mist.

A flock of geese saved Rome. The horses in the town were awake, and recognized from afar the approach of their kind. A loud neighing awoke a Genoese warrior, who came out, and through the lifting veil of darkness beheld the Infidels' array. Instantly the alarm was given. "To arms, to arms—the

foe!" was shouted through the camp and within the ruined walls.

Scarcely waiting to arm themselves, snatching shield and sword, axe or spear, the little garrison hurried forth; and as they rapidly assembled in the plain, the Saracens drew rein in doubt. Richard took advantage of the pause to throw his men into a "square"—the pikemen with levelled weapons, the archers between them armed with deadly bow and shaft. But after all what did it amount to? Less than a thousand men, with eleven knights, including Richard, as "cavalry." This was the force which attempted to stem the advancing tide of Turkish warriors. Even the courtiers of Canute would have given up the idea as hopeless.

But Richard's men were made of sterner stuff. They waited patiently in square, as their descendants did centuries afterwards while opposing squadrons rode them down—or tried to do so. In seven lines of horsemen—the magic "seven"—did Saladin's troopers charge vainly one after the other. All recoiled from the steel front of pikes and the hail of arrows which pierced the light clothing of the Turk and dyed the *bourous* with blood.

Drawing off, the Saracens began to throw their javelins and darts from a safer distance; and as killing all the Crusaders thus was merely a question of time, Richard and his ten knights came forward from behind the devoted square, and made ready to charge several thousand warriors. Such a "Quixotic"

attempt was never made—one scarcely equalled at Balaclava in our own day.

The names of these knights have been handed down to us. They were Henry of Champagne, the Earl of Leicester, Raoul de Mauleon, Andrew de Savigny, Bartholomew de Mortimar, Gerald de Furnival, Roger de Lacy, William de L'Estang, Hugh de Neville, and William de Barres. Richard Cœur de Lion was the leader of these brave men.

With the war cry of "St. George" the knights dashed, lances in rest, at the crowd of Turks, whose first ranks went down like ninepins. But numbers told, and in a few minutes the Saracens rallied, and every knight had a hundred opponents—each one fighting for his own hand. The terrible battle-axe of Richard, which has been the theme of many romances, rose and fell like a fearful machine, cutting and killing. At every stroke a Saracen fell, and many a time the King, protected by his armour, literally hewed his way through the crowd to succour his friends. He helped the Earl of Leicester to a Saracen horse when his was slain, and so admired was the "Melech Ric" that Saladin sent him two splendid coursers during the thickest of the fight, in order that he might continue the encounter on equal terms so far as possible. Such magnanimity in an enemy deserves record.

The Saracens now made a diversion, and finding Jaffa empty, re-entered it; but the ubiquitous Richard, with a party of

archers, attacked them, and regained the town, where Cœur de



ST. STEPHEN'S GATE, JERUSALEM.

Lion killed the gigantic Saracen leader with his own hand—

severing the head and right arm of the Infidel at a blow ! The Turks were much dispirited at this, and drew off their forces, leaving the handful of Christians victorious.

The deeds done in these encounters by the Crusaders are said to have exceeded the wildest imaginations of romancers. The King and his ten knights, who actually fought the entire Saracen army for a time, could not be surpassed in bravery and deeds of valour, which rest not on mere conjecture or tradition but on unimpeachable historical narrative.

After this victory, Richard, still very anxious to make peace and to return to his kingdom, eagerly met proposals which Saladin made for a truce. The preliminaries were quickly arranged and the terms finally settled. The truce was agreed upon for three years, three months, three days, three hours ; or, according to some writers, for three years and eight months. Richard and Saladin did not meet to arrange the terms, but their respective ambassadors agreed that the Christians should retain possession of the coast from Jaffa to Tyre, that Richard be paid the money he had expended on the rebuilding of Ascalon, which was again to be dismantled. Christian pilgrims were also to be permitted to visit Jerusalem : the whole Christian army in two separate divisions and unarmed was subsequently permitted to go to the Holy City, where they were well treated.

The pledged words of Richard and Saladin were considered

sufficient guarantee for the observance of this treaty, which was subscribed by the Syrian Princes and celebrated by games and festivals. These amusements over, Richard proceeded to Acre where he prepared to embark, and also made ships ready for the transmission of the ladies of his court to England. His own progress was a dangerous one. So, having seen his Queen and his sister safely placed under the charge of Stephen de Turnham, he determined to proceed homewards up the Adriatic and across Germany, as the King of France was hostile to his quondam ally.

Saladin, after his truce with Richard, proceeded to Damascus, where he died about a year after. Before his death he caused his shroud to be carried through the streets with a proclamation—"Behold all that Saladin, who overcame the whole East, bears away of his conquests."

So the soul of the Great Saladin passed away, and we shall see him no more.



CHAPTER XVI.

RICHARD'S DEPARTURE FROM PALESTINE—HIS CAPTURE—THE
TROUBADOURS.

“**O** TERRA sancta, Deo te commendo, Qui pia Sua gratia
mihi tantum vivendi tribuat spatium, ut in beneplacito
Suo tibi præstem auxilium, spero quidem, ut propono, tibi
quandoque succurrere.”

Richard Cœur de Lion, with arms extended, thus took his farewell of Palestine, as he gazed on the cedar-crowned heights of Lebanon. The Crusade was over, its leaders having failed to accomplish what they had set themselves to do; and a general departure had taken place. The vessels put to sea, and followed the French, but many never reached land. Storm and tempest scattered them, and the sailors, men-at-arms, knights and squires, with all their effects, were in many cases lost.

Richard's last act was to arrange for the release of the brave knight who had perilled his life for the King. When his debts

had been paid, and all preparations made, Cœur de Lion quitted the Holy Land, on October 9th, 1192. It seems, from the record left by an ancient historian, that Richard had some presentiment of evil, and decided, in consequence, to travel in the disguise of a Knight of the Temple.

He reached Cyprus, where he found the ladies of his court, whom he despatched to Sicily, where they arrived in safety in due time. Richard remained to arrange the affairs of the Island in favour of Guy de Lusignan. Historians agree in their inability to discover why Richard did not embark with the Queen; but, at any rate, when he did set sail, the weather was tempestuous, and he took refuge in the island of Corfu with his retinue, which consisted of twenty persons, including his chaplain Anselm, and the priest Baldwin of Bethune: the others being Templars or other knights.

Falling in with some pirates, Richard paid them a large sum to convey him and his retinue to Ragusa, and during the transit, he doffed his military dress, and arrayed himself in pilgrim's habit, the more effectually to conceal his identity. He was nearly captured by the Greeks, but finally the "pilgrims" landed in safety, when Richard determined to make his way home through Germany, fearing to land in France and to continue his voyage along the coasts whose populations were more or less hostile, and who were on the look out for him.*

* Roger of Wendover.

This statement will explain why Richard preferred to cross Germany in disguise.

But he seems, with his habitual disregard of danger, to have almost put his head into the lion's mouth. He crossed the hills and reached Görz or Goritz, where Maynard (Meinhard), a relative of the lately murdered Marquis of Montferrat, was governor. The French King had very busily circulated a report that Richard had caused the marquis to be slain; but the "Old Man of the Mountain," by whose orders the victim had been killed, disposed of this calumny by stating the true reasons in a letter addressed to Leopold of Austria, and completely exonerated the King.*

Under the circumstances, the King, being still under such grave suspicion, could scarcely have taken a worse course than to pass through Carinthia; but when demanding his "passport," he sent his page to present a magnificent ruby ring to the governor, as "from a Pisan merchant," named Hugh. The governor, a shrewd man, at once perceived that the ring was much more costly than any merchant would give away. The indifference to the value of the present aroused his suspicions, and he came to the conclusion, that some one of superior rank was endeavouring to pass through his territory. Pilgrims

* "Juro per Deum . . . quod in ejus morte nullam culpam habuit.

and merchants were in those days convertible terms, but no such man would give such a present.

“This is the gift of a Prince, not of a pilgrim,” said the wily Maynard: “your master’s name is not Hugh, but Richard of England!”

The consternation of the messengers may be imagined when this speech was addressed to them, but their fears were quelled by the governor’s adding—even now that his first suspicions were confirmed:—

“Go in peace. Tell your lord that he need have no fear from me. I return the present, and give him free permission to depart.”

Unfortunately Richard’s rashness again led him astray. Instead of departing by sea, as he should have done, he obtained horses, and fled into the interior. His excessive and careless liberality had already caused people to make inquiries concerning him, and when he hastily quitted the port, leaving Baldwin and seven others in the town, the inhabitants began to make guesses, and the governor, probably to keep up his character, caused the “pilgrims” to be arrested.

Richard, meanwhile, attended by a page who was acquainted with the German language and defended by three knights, rode through the enemy’s country, and approached Vienna. Far and wide the news had spread that Richard was a fugitive: from all sides came the intelligence faster than Richard could

outspeed it, and rumours changed into certainty when people remembered the stalwart merchant and his retinue riding furiously through their towns and villages. So the news doubled on the King, and as it were took short cuts across country to intercept him, with its proverbial swiftness.

Nor did Richard pass by unrecognized. A Norman knight knew his sovereign, and this man being in the service of Frederick, a relative of Conrad, might have made things very unpleasant for the King. Disdaining the reward, he facilitated the King's escape, and warned him of the sum of money offered for the apprehension of the fugitive, and of the necessity of keeping concealed as much as possible.

Thus for three days and nights the King and his youthful attendant continued their flight almost destitute of food, until sheer hunger compelled the King to send his German-speaking page to the next village (Erperg), near Vienna, to procure victuals. Richard was ill and weak, and the vain lad, elevated by the trust reposed in him and careless of the risks his master ran, proceeded to the village in costly attire, furnished with abundance of money, and even wearing the King's gloves in his girdle.

The lad, too late, perceived how rash he had been, but explained his appearance by representing his master as a rich merchant; and though at first this plea was permitted to avail, the royal gloves were at length perceived. These gauntlets





THE CAPTURE OF RICHARD I. BY LEOPOLD OF AUSTRIA.

were such as no one not a ruler would ever wear, and decided the question. The boy was seized, and carried before the authorities, while the news was sent to Leopold of Austria that his enemy was within reach.

Leopold had nursed his insults and had sworn to avenge them. His rival was in his power, and atonement should be made for the discarded banners, flung so disdainfully by Richard from the walls of Acre. The page meantime had been scourged, to induce him to confess who and where his master was. The young man endured his punishment very bravely for awhile, but at length he confessed the merchant's identity and the place in which Richard was concealed.

A band of soldiers was at once despatched to arrest the King in the hut where he had taken refuge. Richard was employed in turning the spit upon which his fondly anticipated dinner was roasting when the men-at-arms entered. They demanded his surrender; but Cœur de Lion refused to deliver up his sword to any but the leader, and flourished the weapon in a manner which almost compelled a parley. The soldiers agreed to wait for their chief, and sent for Leopold of Austria himself, to whom only Richard declared he would yield.

"You are fortunate," said the archduke, "to have fallen into my hands. Had you been discovered by the friends of

Conrad of Montferrat, they would have killed you, though you had a thousand lives."

So Richard was made captive and carried to the Castle of Tiernsteign,* which belonged to a baron named Hadmar. Here the duke kept his illustrious prisoner in "durance vile," soldiers being told off to watch him with drawn swords, day and night.

But Leopold was not left in undisturbed possession of his captive. The Pope excommunicated him, and the Emperor of Germany, Henry VI., sent to say that a duke had no right to retain a king in prison, such an honour belonging to an emperor. This "beggar of a prince," the ferocious and greedy successor of Barbarossa, demanded the transfer of the English monarch, but to this Leopold would not agree. However, the archduke was eventually persuaded to relinquish his prisoner to Henry, for, as Richard relates the event in "*Mirror for Magistrates*"—

"One hundred thousand pounds I did agree
To give to him before I could be free."

Henry VI. sent him to a castle in the Tyrol so strong that escape was impossible, and there Richard made no attempt at evasion. He remained in captivity, composing verses and

* Durenstein, near Vienna.

poems, from one of which we give an extract, modernized. The king had a great taste for minstrelsy, which he owed to Bertrand de Born and Blondel de Néele, troubadours, of whom the latter is stated to have discovered the king's place of detention by singing the alternate verses of a "Sirvente" with which both were acquainted.

It will not be uninteresting in this place to say a few words concerning the "Troubadours," though the deliverance of Richard by Blondel de Néele must, with many other charming historical myths, be put aside.

The Troubadours were in many cases knights as well as poets, and the title is derived from the Provençal "Trobador," "to find;" hence an inventor or maker of verses. These verses were not always, as may be supposed, addressed to ladies, nor were they for ever telling of the "tender passion." Many satires and remonstrances were addressed to the great ones of the earth—Kings, Popes, and potentates of various degrees. The Troubadour may have "gaily touched his guitar," but he frequently tuned it to severer measures. So in reading the poetry of the Troubadours we shall find pictures of the times, and of the folly, recklessness and valour, with other weaknesses or evidences of strength of the period.

The Troubadour was first of all valued socially for his poetic power. Many a man who had little or no distinction in arms was preferred before the knights, because the poetic fire burned

within and found warm expression in his lays. Richard I. was one of the Troubadours, and many knights and kings likewise were united in the Ranks of Song. So we find the chivalric literature, if not predominating, at any rate leavening the productions of the Troubadours.

Reyounard has given the world the history of the Troubadours, and explained their languages, which were the *Langue d'oïl* and *Langue d'oc*; the former was the language of the northern portion of France, the latter was the native tongue of the southern portion, and partly in Spain. The Troubadours' language was called by them "Romans" or "*Lingua Romana*." "Oil" was the old form of *oui*—"yes"—in northern France, and those who used "oil" for "yes" were speakers of the smooth tongue.

The Troubadours were distinguished from the "Jongleurs" or Jonglars, who, as is evidenced by our modern word "juggler," were wandering minstrels or performers of tricks for the passing amusement of the populace. The Troubadour, *par excellence*, was, as it were, compelled to compose and sing his own verses or poetry. The Jongleur was by no means so restricted. He was a relater of other men's deeds; and though at times an "Improvisatore," generally he was a chronicler of the passing chivalric events and adventures. Very often a Jongleur was attached to the retinue of the Troubadour, to set his poems to music, and to publish the author's works, when the

author was unable to do so himself, to the accompaniment of one or other of the instruments which were then in vogue.

The Jongleurs were at times merely tumblers and posture-makers, and the true Jongleurs were thereat indignant and remonstrated—

“ In Provence they are
Called each and all juglar ;
For which great causeless shame
The language is to blame.”

The three forms in which the poetry of the Troubadours appeared were the *chanso* (love-song), the *sirvente* or satire, and the *tenzo* or encounter with another poet. The first was the love-song distinctively. In the *sirvente* much affection or raillery or satire might be commingled; it was more general in its application. In the *tenzo* Richard and Blondel might have engaged together, on the principle of the domestic cock-bird which crows against his fellow at a distance.

The period of the Troubadours extended from about 1090 to 1290 A.D., but from 1140 to 1250, or thereabouts, the most flourishing years of the Troubadours may be counted. Richard Cœur de Lion was an accomplished Troubadour, so were the brave and skilful Bernard de Born, Bernard de Ventadour, Arnaut Daniel, Peter Rosiers, Peter d'Auvergne, Arnaut de

Mauril, and many others. Richard, in his captivity, composed the following poem already referred to :—

“Ja nul hom près non dirà sa razon
 Adreitamen sa come hom doulen non;
 Mas per conort pot el faire canson
 Pron ha d'amiez ma pâure son li don !
 Honta y auran se por ma rehezon
 Sony fach doshivers prez”—

which may be interpreted as follows :—

“No prisoner can speak of his fate without grief of soul. If he will charm away his trouble, he must com-



MONEY OF RAYMOND OF TOULOUSE.

pose a song. Small is the benefit he receives, though he have many friends. They may well blush when they have left me in prison two years by neglect to pay my ransom.”

He, in another verse, appeals to his Troubadours or Jongleurs :—

“Chail and Peusarin, my minstrels and my friends; you whom I have loved, and whom I shall ever love—by your songs

inform my enemies that they will gain small glory by attacking me, and they will cover themselves with everlasting infamy if they make war upon me in prison."

Besides the classes of composition already mentioned, there were the *plaint* or the "complaint" and the "*alba*" or morning song; for the word "dawn" was introduced into the "*re-frank*" of the poem. For instance:

"Oh, glorious King! oh, true and changeless light!
Almighty Lord, who rulest day and night,
May it please Thee to shelter and defend;
For since 'twas night I have not seen my friend,
And soon will break the dawn."

This last line ends every verse of the poem as a "*refrank*" or "*refrain*."

William IX. Count of Poitou, Duke of Aquitaine, is the first Provençal poet on record; but the class increased with varied success; it was frequently provocative of much domestic misery, and its members became the victims of revenge. But in the Songs of the Troubadours we have many valuable glimpses of history, dressed up for us perhaps in a romantic form, and garnished with the language of idealism and sentiment. Nevertheless, there is a great deal which relates to the contests of the English and French, the imprisonment of Richard I., the Crusades and other Eastern, with European, broils and contests. The Provençal dialect was even adopted

by Chaucer in parts, and was really the most polished and elegant of the European tongues.

Germany had its imitators of the Troubadours, but they do not appear so brightly as the French poets of Provence, in whom it may be said the origin of modern literature is to be found.



CHAPTER XVII.

THE FOURTH CRUSADE.

THE GERMANS AND THE INFIDELS AT JAFFA—A NEW EXPEDITION—THE CRUSADERS AT VENICE.

WE need no longer accompany King Richard in his captivity nor in his return. The later events of his life, though highly interesting, do not properly appertain to the History of the Crusades, which it is our business (and pleasure) to follow. We need only add that tremendous efforts were made to liberate the august prisoner as soon as his whereabouts had been ascertained. The Emperor, threatened by the Pope, brought the King to trial at Worms, but he effectually cleared himself from all the accusations made against him. An immense ransom was fixed, and after the people of England had been squeezed, the money was with difficulty collected, and on the 6th February, 1194, Richard Cœur de Lion was released at Spire, where he had been detained. John trembled when he received the message despatched in hot haste by Philip, "Take heed to yourself, the lion is unchained!"

Meanwhile Saladin had died, and left no defined successor. So his numerous descendants began a struggle for the various kingdoms, though Saphadin, his brother, was the most supported of all in Syria. Famine and pestilence arose; discord amongst the Templars and Hospitallers. Still more serious dissensions amongst the Saracens themselves encouraged the Pope to proclaim a new Crusade in the expectation of taking Jerusalem.

The news of Saladin's death had reached Europe, and hopes were entertained by those Christians in the East, that assistance would arrive. But until Pope Celestine sent an exhortation to the dignitaries of the Church in 1195, nothing was attempted; even then the French and English let the summons pass with comparative indifference, and it was left for Henry of Germany to take up the cudgels for the Christians, as he would, by so doing, recover from the sentence of excommunication which had been pronounced against him.

The Emperor, therefore, offered to provide passage for those of his own subjects who desired to go to the conquest of the Holy City, though Henry himself inclined to turn his own attention to the sovereignty of Sicily, which had become vacant in consequence of the death of Tancred, whose wife was a kinswoman of the Emperor.

Nevertheless, the German nation was aroused, and generally took up the cross. The Emperor's son led the expedition,

seconded by the Queen of Hungary and many princes, prelates, counts, and landgraves. The German host proceeded to Acre, and although peace was then reigning, they attacked the Saracens. The latter, under the warlike Saphadin, seized Jaffa, where Henry of Champagne was killed by a fall from a window. The Germans, reinforced, marched upon Berytus. Saphadin gave them battle *en route*, but he and his forces were defeated by the German army, and were obliged to abandon the places they had so lately occupied.

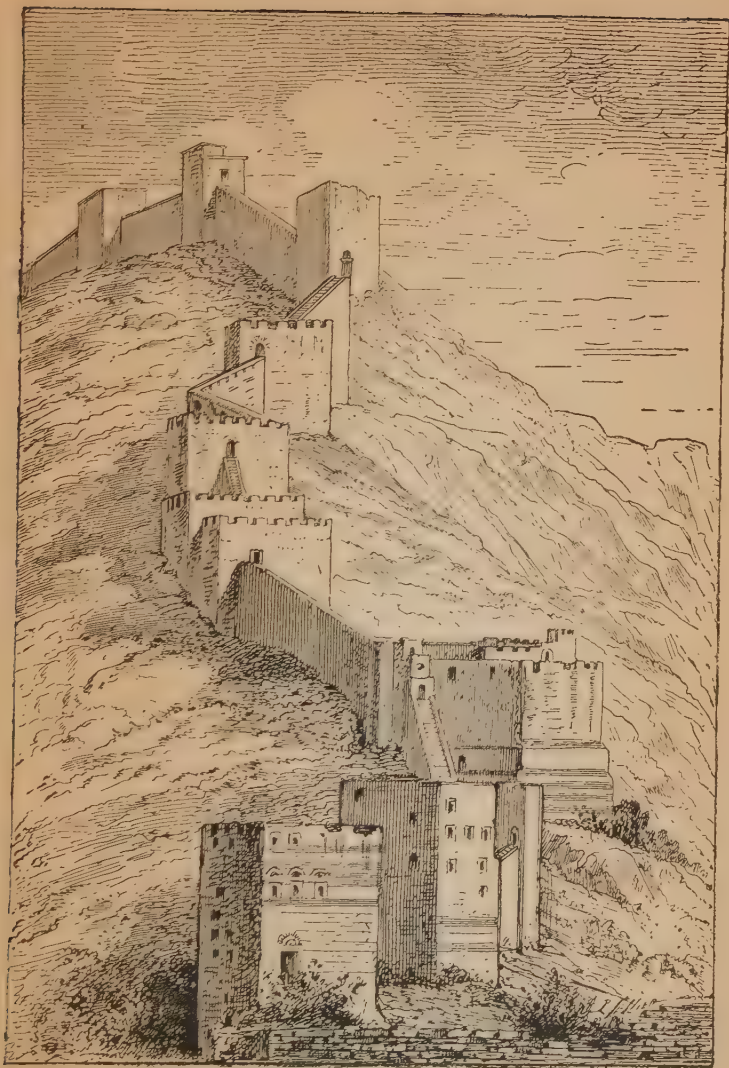
Before the Infidels could recover from this blow, another German force arrived in Syria; and thus in a short time, and with comparatively little loss, the Christians became possessed of most of the important places on the sea-coast—a conquest which seemed about to bear the happiest fruit. Henry had no more need of his troops which had aided him in the conquest of Sicily, and they came pouring into Syria, striking terror, by their numbers, into the Saracens.

The conquest of Jerusalem was resolved upon, and one ancient writer goes so far as to say, that the Saracen governor was willing to deliver it up; but this is not substantiated by other authorities. Thoron was the only place held by the Saracens near the sea, but they managed to annoy the German Crusaders continually. The latter were, moreover, somewhat lukewarm in their desires to regain Jerusalem, which did not hold out the same chances of

plunder as did the towns they had already seized. But Thoron was a thorn in their sides, and the Crusaders determined to subdue it first, and then take Jerusalem.

From Tyre, the object of their attack was some considerable distance and situated in a very commanding position, on the top of a hill. It was a fortress of much strength and difficult of access. Ordinary means were of little avail to reduce it; the position of the besieged gave them immense advantage, and no missiles could reach them. Under these circumstances the persevering Crusaders, instead of despairing, tunnelled the rock itself and found access beneath the very foundations of the castle, which they commenced to batter from below. This was a method not at all to the liking of the Infidels, and they agreed to capitulate so soon as they had discovered to which commander in the many-headed German armies they ought primarily to address themselves.

This divided authority and the diversity of opinion as to the reception of the capitulation were the ruin of the Crusaders. Ambition again undermined their councils and made friends traitors. Some misrepresented the affair to the Saracens, and so impressed them that they finally declined to have anything to do with treaties conducted by such champions of the Cross. They re-armed, manned the battlements, and defied the Crusaders to the encounter. Assured by the French that all the Infidels would be slain even if they surrendered,



THE WALLS OF THORON.

the Saracens risked the chances of war, and proved themselves formidable adversaries.

So the contest was resumed. Sallies were made into the underground chambers where the Crusaders were at work, and many Germans were slain. The ramparts were repaired, and attacks were organized with all the courage of despair and all the *élan* of fatalism. As the Saracens' spirit rose, so did that of the Crusaders fall: the positions were reversed, and the Latins fell into their enemy's hands, and under the influences of demoralizing passions which unnerved them and proved the ruin of the army.

Thus it came about that the leaders, divided as they were, sent out a summons for assault on the morrow—an undertaking they had no intention to carry out. In compliance with orders, preparations for the assault were made, and when morning dawned the troops were ready; but the leaders—where were they? The princes and landgraves, who should have set the example, had stolen silently away in the night, and left a mixed, alarmed, and uncertain multitude to do as they pleased.

What the result was anyone will guess. Deprived of any guidance the men soon became a prey to despair. A panic set in. Heaven and their leaders had deserted them. Some hurried away unarmed, leaving all they possessed, while others laid hand on all they could find; yet flight was the leading

idea of all. The wind arose and brought up the clouds, and the unusual phenomena of a terrible thunderstorm with vivid lightning and terrible rain added to the terror of the fugitives, who never stopped till they reached Tyre—unless in the cases of those unhappy ones who lost their way and perished miserably in the rocks and rugged ways they had strayed into. The Moslems did not molest them, for they were too exhausted to follow up their enemies.

When the remains of the German and other Christian forces reached Tyre, everyone blamed somebody else for the retreat. The leaders were each apprehensive of the other, the soldiers were divided, and treachery was openly averred. No army could stand while thus arrayed against itself, and consequently a division took place. The Germans returned to Jaffa, and the resident Christians, who had remained in Palestine and Syria proceeded to Acre.

This split in the camp became known to the Saracens, who marched upon Jaffa, and after a severe engagement were defeated and compelled to retreat, having however inflicted severe loss upon the Crusaders. The Germans were very much elated at this success and “pooh-poohed” their Christian allies, who retaliated in Scripture phrase, and made pleasant references to Judas and general German treachery. An attempt was made to quell these discords by the harmony of a marriage. The widow of Henry of Champagne was married yet once more to

Amaury (Almeric) of Lusignan, ruler of Cyprus; and hopes were entertained that peace would ensue. But, amidst the feasting, came the intelligence of the death of the Emperor, Henry VI., and broke up the armies. The German princes at once returned from Palestine, leaving a garrison in Jaffa; and the Queen of Hungary, and her knights, remained the only true and steadfast adherents of the Cross.

So, in November, 1197, the expedition came to an end, nor did the Jaffa garrison long remain. In the midst of the Martinmas revels, the Saracens pounced upon them, and left not one of the twenty thousand Germans alive. This and the increasing dissensions led the Count de Montfort to arrange a truce. Thus, what at one time promised to be the most successful expedition against the Infidels proved to be a disastrous military promenade! There was little of the Christian spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice in this expedition. It was, as stated by the historian, a curious spectacle: a Holy War prosecuted and supported by a monarch who had been excommunicated and put "beyond the pale" of the Church in whose service he was fighting.

We just now mentioned the marriage of the thrice-widowed Isabella with Amaury, who took the title of Queen and King of Jerusalem and Cyprus, and they will again appear in our narrative. The expedition we have thus briefly chronicled has been designated the Fourth Crusade, and the following the Fifth,

though sometimes they are united as the Fourth. The Germans occupied the position of Crusaders from 1195 until the end of 1197. The Fifth Holy War lasted from 1200 until 1204.

The Fifth Crusade, then, was initiated in 1198 by Pope Innocent III., who, though a young pontiff, had all the firmness and determination of his predecessor, Gregory VII. Innocent, in the year 1200, proclaimed a new Crusade in consequence of the continued misfortunes of the Christians who had remained in the East. We may imagine that when the Germans had been massacred at Jaffa, little hope remained to the soldiers in Acre. The bishop of that place left to implore assistance, but a storm arose; and he and all his attendants were drowned. For this reason the complaints of the sufferers in the East did not reach Western Europe for some time, until the few survivors of later shipwrecks, or more fortunate pilgrims, arrived to tell the tale, and to implore succour. But all were deaf to the appeal. Princes and kings were deeply engaged in their own little business, or fighting, and could spare no time to attend to Eastern affairs.

Things were in this condition when Pope Innocent lifted up his powerful voice, which was heard over Europe calling for men and money for the new Crusade. He addressed letters to all the sovereigns, and pointed out to them their duty. His bishops were appointed to arouse the spirit of their

hearers, and to set an example by telling the clergy to subscribe a proportion of their revenues to the support of the Crusade. The Kings of England and France were reconciled. Richard even made preparations to raise troops, but instead of proceeding to Palestine, he went to Aquitaine, and was killed by an obscure archer in accordance with ballad prophecy.

After this, a certain priest of Neuilly-sur-Marne, named Foulques (or Fulk), took up the mantle of St. Bernard, and preached another crusade. The curé had already distinguished himself by his eloquence, and to him the Pope confided the mission whose success lay near his heart, and in a short time the fanaticism which had burned so brightly when fanned by Peter the Hermit and St. Bernard, blazed out anew. Other advocates arose, and Thibaud IV. of Champagne, Louis of Chartres, Simon of Montfort, with Baldwin of Flanders,—all threw in their fortunes with the Crusaders.

The experience of former expeditions by land made the new Crusaders cautious, and a sea transit was determined upon. But, before this could be accomplished, the Venetians, who commanded the Adriatic and ruled the Mediterranean waves with powerful fleets of galleys, had to be consulted. Under this proud and powerful republic the sovereignty of the sea was no empty name; and the simple Venetians, if they did

not actually unite in a crusade, could find means to enrich themselves at the expense of both Christian and Infidel. At the time of the Fifth Crusade, Dandolo was the Doge of Venice; he, after faithful military and naval service, had been elected, at the very advanced age of eighty-four, to the dictatorship.

Dandolo agreed to furnish vessels and food to the Crusaders for the moderate sum of eighty-five thousand silver marks.* In addition, he undertook to arm fifty extra galleys to support the expedition, if one half the conquests were handed over to the Republic which he had the honour to represent. These terms were gladly accepted by the Western deputies, and the treaty was ratified in the chapel of St. Mark. After a touching and enthusiastic scene the arrangement was finally approved by the people, who announced to the envoys, "We grant you request!"

The deputies separated, some going to other parts of Italy with varied success, others returned to find Thibaud very ill.

He leaped from his couch and mounted his charger, but the effort was too great; his malady increased and carried him off; he died as he was handing over his money towards the expenses of the war.

Another leader had now to be chosen, and both the Count

* About £180,000 sterling.

de Bar and the Duke of Burgundy declined the command. Boniface of Montferrat did not refuse, and at Soissons he received the cross from Foulques, and was proclaimed there, in the Church of Notre Dame, the leader of the Fifth Crusade.



CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FIFTH CRUSADE.

THE VENETIANS AND THE FRENCH — ASSAULT ON CONSTANTINOPLE—THE VICTORY.

ABOUT Easter, 1202, the new array of the Crusaders quitted the west; and, notwithstanding the defection of some, the main body of the Soldiers of Champagne met the Italians and proceeded to Venice. Foulques, who had so far succeeded, did not live to see the results of his preaching; he died while the French Crusaders were in Venice in 1202, and was buried at Neuilly.

Everything appeared ready at Venice. The Doge had made the preparations agreed on. The ships were equipped, and much feasting welcomed the arrival of the Crusaders. But, as in more personal affairs, after dinner came the bill; and when all the feastings had come to an end, the Doge of Venice

reminded his friends that the money agreed upon for the hire of the ships and for the provisions, etc., supplied, would be acceptable, according to previous agreement. Now the consequences of the falling away from the enterprise of such men as Jean de Nesle and Thierrri of Flanders with their knights, were felt.

Others had gone forward by sea, leaving to the remnant the difficulty of paying for the whole force ; and, in consequence of this defection, the Christians "received great shame, and many misadventures afterwards befel them." *

Although the leaders and knights at once disposed of their jewels, gold vessels, and other personal property, so that "beautiful and rich vessels of gold were heaped up," the sum did not suffice. There still remained thirty-four thousand marks to be paid (some say fifty thousand). The Doge of Venice had a good idea of business, and instead of worrying the Crusaders to pay what they had not, he merely stipulated that they should "take it out" in service to the Republic.

The Republic had lately suffered a loss in the revolt of the inhabitants of Zara, a town in Dalmatia ; and the wary Doge proposed that the brave Crusaders should assist in his enter-

* Villehardouin.

prise first, and pay the balance of the money afterwards. To this the Crusaders agreed; and Dandolo volunteered to lead the expedition, notwithstanding his infirmities and almost total blindness; he affixed the emblem of the Cross to his cap, and thus put a stop to any scruples which the Crusaders entertained



COIN OF AMAURY.



COIN OF GUY OF LUSIGNAN.

concerning the advisability of warring with Christians while sworn to fight the Saracens. But the Marquis of Montferrat declined to lead or to be led upon such an expedition, for the Pope had forbidden it.

Nevertheless the allies sailed, and would have gained a still easier victory, had not the discontented assured the Zaradines

that the French were only lukewarm in the matter and would not fight them. The result proved the contrary, and Zara soon surrendered at discretion, as Trieste and other places had done *en route*. The city was pillaged and the booty divided. French and Venetians remained in the place for the winter, and then the former began to find excuses for complaints against their allies. This led to conflict, and fighting became the order of the day and of every day (November, 1202).

The Pope, having heard of the conduct of the Crusaders, excommunicated both sides, Crusaders and Venetians. The latter ridiculed the pontiff's action, but the French sent ambassadors and sued for pardon, which was granted. Peace was restored amongst the allies, who were joined by the Marquis of Montferrat in the winter. They all stayed at Zara during that season, and while there events happened which turned the attention of the Crusaders to other realms not occupied by Saracens; as Mill says: "One of the most singular and interesting pages of history is now before us. The fortunes of the Greek empire were put into the hands of a few French barons and a commercial Republic."

This is quite true. We have in former chapters, when treating of the Second Crusade, mentioned the hostility of Manuel Comnenus, the Byzantine Emperor. He was succeeded

by Alexius II., who was murdered by his uncle, he in turn falling, and Isaac, his successor, was deposed by his brother Alexius. But Isaac had a son, also named Alexius, a lad of twelve years, who hearing of the arrival of the Crusaders and the alliance with the Venetians, sent to them for assistance against the usurper.

In this he was supported by the Duke of Swabia, and while the allies were wintering at Zara the ambassadors of Alexius appeared.

The Pope opposed the expedition, as did some of the French Crusaders; but the majority of them and all the Venetians, whose leader had a little private grudge to satisfy, were in favour of the attempt to reduce Constantinople. So when the young Alexius arrived at Zara he was welcomed, and at Easter time (1203) the expedition set sail, and made its way towards Constantinople, "with all the pride of military and naval power, silken banners and streamers displayed; emblazoned and ornamented shields were ranged along the sides of the decks, like the battlements of towns, and the valiant knights behind their shelter." *

When the allies first came within sight of Constantinople they were rather afraid of the display made by the Greeks, but

* Villehardouin Chronicle.

the vessels sailed underneath the walls, and Alexius the younger showed himself to the Greeks as the rightful sovereign. But not one man joined him; and, as the inhabitants on every



GRECIAN EMPRESS.

occasion received overtures with arrows, a decision to storm the town was come to. The commands were apportioned, and the assault soon commenced upon the great and wondrous capital of the East, which had never seen an invader within it.

Such an attempt by such a small force appeared like suicide of the invaders, but the Greeks were more famous in the council than in the field. The bold array of the Crusaders—the bravery of the men and the fine and imposing appearance of the Venetian vessels—exerted a moral influence which weighed down the preponderance of numbers after all. The Emperor Alexius lived in his palace in all the careless and costly sensuality of his nature, and not until the invader was already in his gardens did he rouse himself. His appeal to the Christians had no effect. They had encamped at Scutari, and were now under the walls of Constantinople. Crossing the Bosphorus the Crusaders quickly dispersed the Greeks and occupied their camp. Galata was next assailed by the French, and the Venetians entered the port of the city of Constantine as enemies.

Here the Greeks had made some preparations for defence, and for some time they kept the assailants at bay. But steel shears cut the chains across the harbour, a strong wind impelled the Venetian fleet: the Greek galleys were overtaken and sunk, and then the assault was arranged in six divisions. Baldwin of Flanders and his brother commanded the first and second lines. The rear-guard was commanded by the Marquis of Montferrat. The Venetians ruled the sea, and so the dis-



THE CRUSADERS CROSSING THE BOSPHORUS.

positions were made ; though historians agree in thinking that the land forces should not have been so sent, being after all a mere handful against two hundred thousand soldiers, and five times that number of civilians.

All parleys having been rejected, the Crusaders encamped in one place, leaving many miles of wall unassailed. Sorties were of course frequent, and swarms of the Greeks came humming and stinging the Crusaders, keeping them from rest day and night, and wearying them with watching. But steadily the brave men advanced—ditch after ditch was filled up, attack after attack was repulsed, and by degrees the great stone-engines, catapults, balistas, battering-rams were brought forward to the walls and gates, while missiles rained upon the houses and laid them in ruins. Still came no surrender, and then, the Crusaders' provisions being limited, they determined upon an assault after ten days' siege.

It would appear madness nowadays for any body of twenty thousand men to assail such a city as Constantinople was, defended by thousands and thousands of people, and rich in supplies. But the Crusaders did such a deed. On the 17th July, 1203, the advance was sounded, and the invaders were pointed out "the road which would lead them to eternal glory," viz., the ramparts of the city.

The Venetians made their attack by sea and succeeded. The aged Doge of Venice, standing proudly on the deck of his ship, directed the operations; and, after a stern conflict, ran his vessels under the walls. From the yards and masts his men poured upon the fortifications, and on one tower the Venetian standard was quickly displayed. The French had meanwhile been repulsed by sheer numbers, and had given way; but Dandolo set fire to his tower, and came down to the assistance of his allies. Seeing this, the swarm of Greeks withdrew, after a show of defence, and, putting the Emperor on horseback, hurried him away in the darkness which succeeded the collapse of the burning houses.

At daybreak the absence of the Emperor was discovered, and while the flames were again devastating the city, the inhabitants drew the blinded Isaac from his dungeon, put on him the imperial robes, and seated him on the throne, helpless, but reigning. Alexius, his son, was soon nominated jointly with his father, the ruler of Constantinople and the Empire. The Greeks then returned to their allegiance, and made all kinds of promises, which were received with the same incredulity as at the Siege of Troy, "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*"

The Crusaders and their allies were by no means disposed to relax the terms on which they had conquered. The payment of

the 200,000 silver marks, the employment of Greek forces in the Crusade, and the merging of the Greek Church in the Holy See were demanded, and conceded; for the allied conquerors would not be trifled with. Isaac said that they had served him so well he could deny them nothing, and they deserved the whole empire. The Crusaders, having united father and son, retired to Galata, and rested themselves for a while.

But although Isaac and Alexius had agreed to the conditions



MONEY OF ALEXIUS.

of the arrangement with the allies, the rulers did not trouble themselves very much to pay the whole of the money. In consequence the Franks took the matter in hand; and, having yielded to Isaac's request to give up the idea of Palestine, the Crusaders insisted on pillaging the city for the sum still due. The Greek prelates were insulted and compelled to proclaim the Pope; while young Alexius, forgetting his subjects, associated with the allies, and in revelry renounced the sovereignty which

he had assumed. This conduct brought upon him the contempt of the Greeks, and so he too did not wish the Latins to quit their quarters, for even his allies were more respectful than his subjects.

While the Crusaders were waiting for the spring to convey them to Syria, Alexius made a little demonstration in Greece, accompanied by Montferrat. But this expedition against the Thracians aggravated the enmity of the Greeks against both their ruler and his generals; and when he entered as a conqueror into his capital, his people, instead of receiving him with acclamations, saw him enter in silence. So he became even more friendly with the western warriors, until Alexius Ducas, a young prince of that noble family, exhorted his sovereign to throw off the association. This talented and unscrupulous man by degrees wound himself into the Emperor's confidence, and advocated a war.

The opportunity came. Some Flemings attacked a few Mussulmans in the city, and the disturbance extended to others who took either side as their tastes dictated. During the conflict some houses were set on fire; the conflagration spread with great rapidity for eight days, doing incalculable damage; and then the old hatred of race burst out again, and gave the signal for the renewal of the conflict between the Latin and the Greek.

The allied leaders at once demanded the immediate execution of the terms of the treaty, and defied the Emperors, threatening them, should they not fulfil the agreement.

As may have been anticipated, this defiance was accepted, and the Greek pride took fire morally and physically. The Venetian fleet was attacked with the celebrated composition which had so often struck terror into foes, and had not the Venetians been on the alert, and first-rate sailors, their fleet would very likely have been destroyed. As it was, only one vessel was burned. Strong arms and long oars diverted the attack, which had developed all the passions of both races.

The young Alexius, alarmed at the threats of the Crusaders, apologised and did all in his power to appease them, but vainly. He had now also to face revolution, for the people, tired of his vacillation, and instigated by Ducas, demanded the deposition of both Isaac and his son. They were hurried away by treacherous friends, and immured in prison, where Isaac died of grief. Ducas then threw off the mask and ascended the throne: when he directed a not altogether unsuccessful warfare against the Latins, who required the restoration of the young Alexius. This demand Ducas evaded by murdering him, and that act was the cause of the destruction of the great Byzantine city.

Chapters might be written concerning the preparations for and accomplishment of the capture of Constantinople. We have no space here for the details of the attack, the heroism of the assailants; nor would we dwell upon their conduct as conquerors, and their wanton and cruel destruction of the beautiful in art. The rapine and violence committed have had parallels in more modern days, and are sadly familiar to all readers of history; but the wicked, wanton defacement and destruction of Grecian works of art makes us wonder what manner of men France supplied to the Crusades. The Venetians stole and retained the treasures, some of which now adorn Venice; but the French iconoclasts committed excesses which never since that time have been conceived.

The booty obtained was enormous; the destruction of property and of unique statuary appalling; death, rapine, and insult of the grossest attended the paths of the soldiers of the Cross, and the whole city lamented until its tears were dried up by the flames kindled by the Christian conquerors.

The Empire was divided. Baldwin of Flanders became the first Latin Emperor, the Marquis of Montferrat was made King of Macedonia. Other chiefs were given certain territorial rewards and withdrew to occupy them with their scanty following, the natives wondering at their paucity. Ducas was thrown

headlong from a pillar, his betrayer was imprisoned; but a Greek named Lascaris assumed the leadership of his nation, and so conducted operations that the Latin race retained but a very insecure footing in the Empire of the East.

So, in selfish sovereignty the Crusade came to an end; and, of all the army and its grand appliances, the only things which reached Syria were "the gates and chain" of the harbour of Constantinople.



CHAPTER XIX.

THE SIXTH CRUSADE.

STATE OF AFFAIRS—THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE—THE CRUSADERS
IN EGYPT—ENTRY INTO THE HOLY CITY.

IT is not indispensable to our present purpose to enter into much detail concerning the state of Europe during the Fifth Crusade. We will therefore only notice the general bearings of Western policy as we proceed, when they appear to act on events in the East.

Constantinople had fallen, and the Mussulman race were not unnaturally alarmed. The great capital had yielded to a few desperate Franks, and such men were capable of renewing all the horrors of conquest in Palestine, and in Jerusalem itself. Saphadin therefore made every effort to secure a peace with the Christians, which was to endure for six years; and by this he hoped to keep the Crusaders altogether from his shores.

This arrangement, it will be said, was not much to boast of by the Crusaders after the valour and determination they had shown in the attack on the Greeks, qualities which the Saracens feared would carry their enemies into Palestine. But they rested until the crown of Jerusalem fell to Mary, daughter of Isabella and Conrad of Tyre, on the death of Amaury (Almeric) and his wife, titular king and queen of that city.

The authorities, clerical and lay, in Jerusalem, sent an embassy to the King of France to request instructions as to the succession. The heiress was willing to marry and confer her dignity upon her husband, and when the question came before Philip Augustus, he nominated John of Brienne as the most fitting personage to wed the princess and wear the consort's crown. John of Brienne, inflamed by ambition and the word-painting of the beauty of Mary, made no difficulty in accepting the suggestion. John also promised to bring with him a considerable army to support his claims against the Saracens. Such spirited conduct raised the hopes of the ambassadors, and on their return they dwelt with much fervour on the brilliant chances which the new king would open up for the Christians.

Such news elated those to whom it was addressed, and

created an impression equally strong upon the Saracens, but in an inverse ratio. Saphadin did not at all approve of the turn affairs were taking, and he endeavoured to renew the truce for another period, offering to resign certain places as hostages for good faith. The Christians divided upon this offer. The Teutonic knights and the Knights of St. John were all in favour of its acceptance. The Templars and the ecclesiastics declared against it, and advocated war.

Saphadin heard of this, and made his preparations accordingly. So when John of Brienne actually arrived bringing with him only 300 knights, the spirit of the Saracens arose, and the refusal to renew the treaty confirmed Saphadin in his warlike purpose. Under these circumstances the titular king, who only held Acre as his kingdom, sent to the Pope and prayed for some assistance. Innocent had his hands full in endeavouring to uproot the first seeds of the Reformation amongst the Albigenses, but he listened to the appeal, and proclaimed a new Crusade; still little or no attention was paid to his appeal, for everyone was in arms at home.

But at this time (1212-13) a most unexpected pilgrimage was initiated by young people; and the "Children's Crusade," which had already been in a way foreshadowed by the conduct of the children in earlier expeditions, became an actual

fact. To us it appears incomprehensible that parents and guardians should have permitted, or that ecclesiastics should have encouraged such a pilgrimage. But fifty-thousand young people of both sexes, and hundreds as young as twelve years, evaded or despised all parental authority, and set off to Palestine, unprovided with money, change of clothing, or any necessities. Women and men accompanied them to plunder, when plunder became possible. The bands marched towards the Alps, singing; and, when asked whither they went, declared that they were "going to Jerusalem to deliver the Sepulchre of the Lord." They had been told to expect a miracle, and that the Mediterranean would dry up and afford them safe passage.

The unfortunate results of such an expedition need scarcely be mentioned. Hundreds of children perished, lost in the gloomy forests; or, overcome by fatigue and hunger, fell to die miserably by the way. The residue struggled on and gained the sea, which had not dried up. Then they embarked, and hundreds were shipwrecked; hundreds more were sold as slaves to the Saracens; and many boldly endured torture and the martyr's death, rather than renounce the faith which had carried them across Europe—to die! France and Germany wept for their children more bitterly than did Rachel; and it

has been well remarked that such a spectacle must have created impressions of the lapse of laws and all government in Europe when rulers permitted such an expedition to be undertaken and pursued, and from which only a small minority ever returned.

But Innocent did not despair of kindling the flame of religious enthusiasm in Europe. Robert de Courçon, a disciple of Foulque who had preached the former Crusade, was selected for the office formerly filled by Peter the Hermit, and by his eloquence he quickly aroused the enthusiasm of the multitudes. James de Vitri was associated with the legate, and these two promulgated another Holy War. Nor were their efforts unrecognized. The King of France subscribed liberally, and many nobles, clerical and lay, followed his lead. Boxes were placed in the churches to receive alms; but Robert de Courçon was quickly accused of using them for his own advantage, as he had already assumed considerable mundane as well as quasi-spiritual power.

In England John assumed the Cross, though the Pope had placed his kingdom under an interdict, but did little; Germany, under Emperor Frederick was at war with the Saxons, France declared for the former, and conquered England and her allies.

These disputes, laid to rest under the sanguinary soil of Bouvines, were forgotten; and the great council in the Church of the Lateran presided over by the Pope, was attended by envoys from all Western nations, with deputies from Palestine to incite them to action. Andrew of Hungary advanced first, then a mixed multitude of German, French, and English, and some Italians. Frederick the Emperor waited. An immense army of Crusaders, said to be the most numerous ever collected in Syria, poured into that country. Great joy was manifested at their arrival, but moderated when the want of provisions became felt.

The lack of food brought sundry evils in the Crusaders' train, and they began to pillage, without distinction, any houses wherein food was stored. At length an expedition into Egypt was determined on; but, the season being unfavourable, a change of plan was made, and the capture of Mount Tabor, whereon the Turks had erected a fort, was agreed upon. This was no easy task, yet the Crusaders would not be denied—they braved all opposition and gained the summit; but, after driving back the Infidels, the Crusaders most unaccountably retired without gaining any definite success. After this little campaign, the King of Hungary returned home; but next year a number of Germans who had been suc-

cessfully engaged in Spain came to the assistance of the Crusaders who remained.

Egypt now became the object of the Western warriors, for they believed that by conquering that country Syria would follow.

So Damietta—afterwards more celebrated—became the end of their expedition.

This town had in previous years submitted to the assaults of the Crusaders, but they could not retain it. Damietta, the key of Egypt, was destined to be turned by the Christian force. The siege was marked by all the bravery, rashness, and we may add the dissensions, so common amongst the Crusaders. The garrison resisted stoutly, and the siege continued from May, 1218, to November, 1219, with varying fortune.

The death of the celebrated Malek Adel or Saphadin terrorized the Infidels and lent new vigour to the arms of the Crusaders.

The Latins won their success at Damietta by means of a formidable tower built upon two vessels, a regular floating castle, which was destined to advance in mid-stream against the tower of Damietta which had resisted all attacks. Three hundred warriors, fully armed, were placed within the floating castle,

which moved up against the Saracen fort. The moment was decisive.

The advancing castle came up alongside the tower, and the drawbridge was lowered. The Duke of Austria led the attack, but after a desperate resistance his flag was captured, and the structure which bore it was carried off by the Mussulmans. The whole army fell on their knees and prayed for the success of the Christian host. By dint of hard work the fire was extinguished and the "castle" repaired. The assault was immediately renewed, and the Saracens were defeated.

The Christians did not follow up their success after the capture of the city, which was almost a ruin, filled with the dying and the dead. Numbers of Crusaders returned home and were on the way shipwrecked, a circumstance which was turned to account as a warning to others. But more arrived in exchange, and the Saracens offered the Christians possession of Jerusalem if they would leave Egypt. These terms would have been accepted, had not the vanity of Cardinal Pelagius and the Religious Knights held out against them.

The conquest of Cairo was decided on instead (1220 A.D.). But the attempt proved disastrous. The Nile rose; the Egyptians opened the sluices, which inundated the Christian army,

and thus prevented either advance or retreat. The cardinal, who had disputed the command of the army, now found himself in a trap, and was fain to beg the Mussulmans to give him safe conduct to Acre, he having lost all supplies as well as baggage. The result was that, after some months' delay,



ATTACK ON THE SARACEN FORT, DAMIETTA.

Damietta was surrendered to the Infidels again, and the Christians returned to Acre and Europe. Many more of the Crusaders would have perished had not Melek Kamel, the Sultan of Cairo, in response to the appeal of John of Brienne, opened the stores of grain to the famishing Europeans, and sent thirty-thousand loaves daily for four days.

When the news arrived in Europe, the legate Pelagius got considerably blamed for his share in the expedition, but the Pope would not admit that the cardinal was at fault; on the contrary he "carried the war into the enemy's camp," and attacked the Emperor Frederick, declaring that he ought to have sent more men and accompanied them himself.

Frederick II., however, paid no attention to the papal murmurs until his ambition was aroused by hearing that the daughter of John of Brienne was willing to marry, and also to endow her husband with the barren but glorious title of King of Jerusalem.

Violante* proved very charming to the emperor, who married her (1225), and assumed the title of King of Jerusalem, promising to proceed to the Holy Land. He delayed for some time to redeem his promise, and it was not until 1228 that the emperor arrived in Palestine, and was received by the Patriarch at Acre. Yet he caused great disappointment, not only by the smallness of his force, but from his character as a stiffnecked son of the Church, and the Pope's bulls sent against him. Frederick marched towards the hills of Naplous, followed by the military orders at a distance. Without meeting with any opposition on the way he very quickly occupied

* Otherwise called Yolande and Iolante.

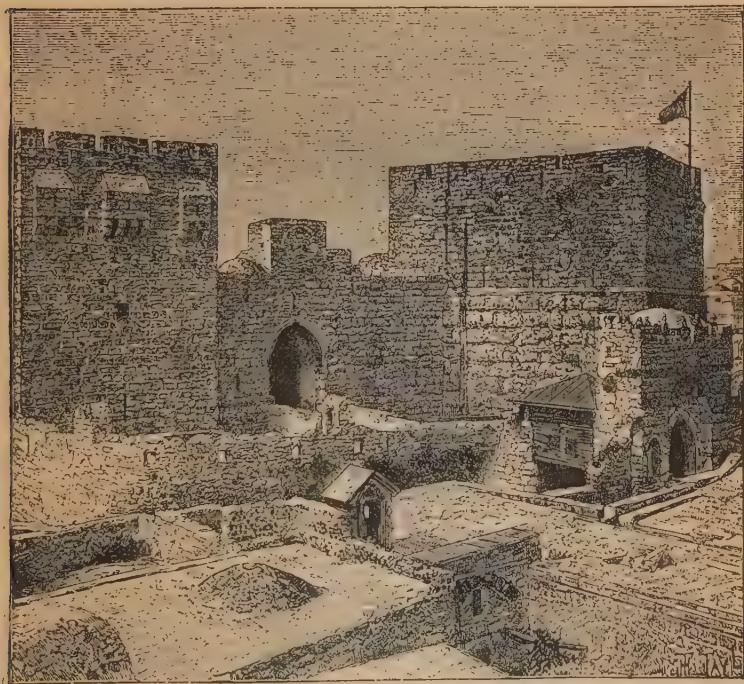
Jaffa, and advanced towards Jerusalem; but, when so far on his course, the Saracens concluded a truce for ten years, by which the Christians had restored to them Jerusalem, Jaffa, Bethlehem, and other places.



CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM.

This peace, quietly concluded between Frederick and the Sultan of Cairo, who was to be delivered from all attacks on Egypt, did not give any satisfaction to the followers of either

side. The Infidels demanded the custody of Jerusalem, and the Christians objected to the clause which permitted mosques to remain in the Holy City. The Emperor however proceeded



DAVID'S TOWER, JERUSALEM.

to Jerusalem, and crowned himself in the midst of his warriors with no religious ceremony.

This bloodless conquest of the Holy City was by no means

relished by the Pope or the Patriarch of Jerusalem, nor was the emperor treated in the city with any forbearance. He had scandalized the Crusaders by his treaty, and they could not recognize it. True, he had done more for the Christian cause than had been done for years ; but what availed that, if it had not been done in the right way?

So, in the midst of revilings and contentions of the various factions, the Emperor returned to Acre, and subsequently to Europe, amid the chanting of joyous hymns by those he left behind.

He had gone about the task in the spirit of a mere conqueror, and, as it were, for amusement: a temper which greatly exasperated the adherents of the Pope, as Frederick no doubt intended it should do.

The Pope excommunicated him, but subsequently matters were arranged between them.

The Pope (Gregory IX.) then found time again to advocate the Crusade, and also tried to convert the Saracens. Wars and rumours of war were also advocated in Europe by the papal emissaries, and the preaching of the Crusade was undertaken by the Dominican and Franciscan friars, who collected large sums and—kept them. This unfortunate misappropriation of funds, added to the claims made on their

behalf for splendour and grand receptions, gave people cause to suspect them, and the aim of their mission was not reached.

However, in France the Cross was again embraced. The Count of Champagne, the Duke of Burgundy, and other nobles, set out ; so the war began with a little success. The Christians were, however, beaten at Gaza, when a treaty was made with the Sultan of Egypt. Richard of Cornwall, Longsword, with other English knights, arrived in Palestine, and succeeded in gaining possession of the country under treaty. Jerusalem was again a Christian city, and for two years the gospel only was preached in its churches. Then the Tartars arose and advanced upon the Holy place.

The Christians quitted it, but the Tartars hoisted the banner of the Cross and thus induced them to return. They did so, when the fugitives were ruthlessly massacred amid the usual horrible scenes attending the sack of the city by such barbarians, who regarded neither the Christian Church nor the Mussulman Mosque. The illustrious dead were disinterred, and confusion reigned.

Christian and Mussulman then joined forces, and gave battle to the Tartars in the plain of Gaza. The conflict lasted two whole days. It ended in the defeat of the allies, who lost

nearly thirty thousand men, amongst them numbers of the Templars, Hospitallers, and other knights. This victory made the Tartars masters of Palestine, which seemed now given over to a worse enemy than the Saracen.



CHAPTER XX.

THE SEVENTH CRUSADE.

THE MOGULS — A NEW CRUSADE PREACHED — KING LOUIS THE
SAINTED—HIS ARRIVAL IN EGYPT.

ABOUT the commencement of the thirteenth century the Moguls, under the celebrated Zingis Khan, or “Lord of Lords,” came into the history of the Crusades and even into the history of the world. These hordes poured out from the remote eastern deserts and over-ran China. Persia was invaded. Nothing could stop the advancing Tartars; and Zingis Khan, at last satiated, led his men back to their native country. He died in 1227, with his last breath enjoining the completion of the conquest of the Chinese Empire.

By the descendants of this famous ruler, the Mogul warriors were led victoriously over nearly all Asia, “from the Pacific to the Euphrates,” and “to the Danube and the Vistula.” Their

descendants ruled China, Tartary, Persia, and Russia, including Siberia. Hungary and Poland were invaded, and the King of Hungary beaten with great slaughter at Lignitz ; and it was not until the Germans assembled and checked the tremendous wave of barbarism at Neustadt, that the Moguls retreated from Europe.

We have not space, nor is it germane to our present subject, to record all the exploits of these hordes, so ably led to battle. We must only add a few lines to say that Persia was again invaded and subdued, and Egypt was sought as a resting-place for the tribes. This idea did not by any means commend itself to the Sultan of that country, and he diplomatically advised the Moguls to go to Palestine and “have a try” with the hated Christians. Not only did the Sultan thus encourage the invader, but he in a most disinterested manner sent them a trustworthy guide to show them the way out of Egypt, and into Palestine. He speeded the parting guest much more than he had welcomed his coming.

This incursion not only alarmed the Christians, but the Moslems too. The Egyptians had united with the Mogul tribe, and so the Moslem united with the Christian against the common enemy. But the invaders were far superior in number, and they inflicted a crushing defeat upon the Christians. The

Moguls and their allies captured Ascalon, Tiberias, Damascus, and the whole fabric of the Latin kingdom in the East seemed tottering under the terrible blows inflicted upon it by the new enemy. Acre alone remained in the hands of the Christians, and a new Crusade was preached. This determination was ratified at the Council of Lyons, which had been summoned by Innocent IV., who, however, reserved much of his denunciation for Frederick of Germany, with whom he had a serious dispute which nearly terminated in war.

At length the necessities of the Christians prevailed, and the illness of Louis IX., the King of France, who nearly succumbed to his malady, brought matters to a crisis. The King was dying—nay, was reported dead. The sainted monarch was prayed for almost universally, and at length he began to amend. This really wonderful recovery was reckoned as a miracle, and the first words the King uttered contained a promise to go to the Holy Land to aid the Crusade against the invaders.

At the Council of Lyons the cardinals first clothed themselves in scarlet, the symbol of persecution and bloodshed, for Frederick of Germany had been condemned by the Pope.

The example of Louis had a very great effect, particularly upon the English, who had considerable reverence for the French Saint King. So William Longsword, Walter de Lacy,

the Earl of Leicester, and many other English knights, agreed to fight under his orders. The events of this period have been related in a very clear and interesting manner by the Sieur de Joinville of Champagne, who accompanied "St. Louis" to Palestine, and wrote his impressions as they occurred to him. We thus have a perfectly connected and truthful narrative of the events we are about to describe in our own words.

The queen-mother, who had kept the King in leading-strings hitherto—even for a time separating the young monarch and his youthful bride, from a feeling of jealousy of her own ascendancy—endeavoured to dissuade her son from the expedition, but without avail. Louis had made the vow, and he determined to abide by his promise. The Queen at length gave way, though she "looked upon her son as already dead," says Joinville.

Nevertheless, all the King's barons did not enter into the Crusade with the same ardour; so the King managed to make them wear capes with the Cross emblazoned on them, which they considered binding. It was a custom of the Kings on state occasions to give (*livrer*) to their courtiers capes or costumes (livery). On this occasion Louis gave the cloaks which he had previously embellished with the "cross." So the knights were first informed of their destiny in the chapel where

Louis devoted himself and them to the Crusade.* By this device the King gained many noble followers, for they were too proud to retire.

No remonstrances could turn the King from his purpose, and he meantime endeavoured to direct the papal wrath from Frederick of Germany.

Great preparations were made at Aigues Mortes, a small port in Provence. The harbour was made fit for shipping, and quite a town was erected by the sea for the accommodation of the expected muster of pilgrims and warriors. Nor were places by the way neglected. Provisions were sent forward, and supplies stored in Cyprus, which had been named the rendezvous for the Crusaders, under Joinville and others.

The *Sieur de Joinville*, our historian, appears to have been a straightforward, bluff soldier. He was Seneschal of Champagne, and at the time of the Seventh Crusade he was a widower, and served as a volunteer; though he obeyed the summons of the King to arms he took no oath of fealty. Having thus put his hand to the plough, he did not go back, though we are told that the temptation to return was very strong indeed.

Joinville and his company did not proceed with the King, who had already determined to sail from Aigues Mortes.

* See Michaud's "History."

They, as well as the English detachment with the Earl of Salisbury and that of the Earl of Dunbar, proceeded to Cyprus.

While there, Joinville was presented to the King, who liked the seneschal very much, though Louis could not impress the historian with his own exemplary piety. Joinville absolutely declined to mix water with his wine, or to wash the feet of pilgrims, as the King recommended; and the bluff baron emphatically declared, in answer to the sainted King, that he would rather commit thirty sins than be a leper—a reply which greatly scandalised the pious Louis.

All these arrangements naturally occupied a considerable time, and it was not until 1248 that Louis found himself in a position to quit France for Palestine. But the whole population sympathised with him not only in his military ardour but in his devotional exercises. The heart of France was stirred, and all the youth and manliness of the nation went with the King.

“It was an affecting sight,” says the historian, “to see the poor villagers lead their children to the barons and knights, and say to them, ‘You will be their fathers; you will watch over them amidst the perils of war and of the sea.’” Of course, the knights promised to do all that was required of

them, and the unfortunate parents were thereby rendered as happy as could reasonably be expected.

There was one feature in this Crusade which distinguished it from all former expeditions. Under King Louis all the rabble element, which had proved so destructive to the organization, and discipline of previous Crusades, was eliminated. The Crusaders were, so to speak, a picked body. Criminals were expressly forbidden to present themselves; so the army—the rank and file, at any rate, which was largely composed of artizans and labourers—was a much more “biddable” concourse, and less likely to make trouble than the former armies had been.

Louis the Saint had, as may be expected by the reader, many preparations of a private and devotional nature to make ere he proceeded to Aigues Mortes. He had to attend Notre Dame and other holy places, with the view to assure himself of the support of the saints. He had the staff and scrip presented to him by the Legate. These arrangements, added to the necessity for managing the affairs of the kingdom (the regency of which he deputed to his mother), occupied him. He had to guard his people by treaties during his absence, and to restrain his warlike neighbours, for nearly all the nobles were in his train, or in advance of his army.

The Queen-mother accompanied her son and daughter-in-law as far as Cluny, and had quite persuaded herself that Louis would never return alive. She had all along opposed his departure, but had not been able to restrain Louis, nor to prevent his wife going with him. The young Queen was equally sad in her divided affection. On the one hand were her children and the tyranny of the Queen-mother, if she remained; on the other hand, her husband and the pains and dangers of the Crusade, far away from her beloved France.

"I shall at least find peace in my soul and joy in my husband's presence," she said to her attendant. But Marie de Châtillon shook her head. She knew that there was trouble in store across the waters of the dark blue sea which she was watching so sadly from the tower of Aigues Mortes.

"Ah, France!" she said, "what troubles may we not have to undergo before we see you again."

The day of embarkation arrived. The ships, which numbered twenty-eight sail, were ready. It was the 25th of August, 1248. The pilots were on board. Genoese were in command, for the French had no vessels. Indeed, the terror with which the knights generally regarded the sea would be amusing in these days, and Joinville himself on one occasion remarked, "I must say that he is a great fool who puts himself in such danger

having wronged anyone, or having a mortal sin on his conscience; for, when he goes to sleep in the evening, he knows not if in the morning he may not find himself under the sea."

The priests and bishops were brought on board, and they united in the "Veni Creator."

"Make sail, in the name of Heaven!" cried the pilot, and the sails were unfurled. Impelled by a following wind, the fleet took its way towards Cyprus.

The King remained upon deck, gazing upon the receding shore. Queen Margaret was praying in her cabin with Marie de Châtillon. In every vessel the same spirit of regret, mingled with bravery, was observable. But the King himself appeared unmoved. Seating himself by his wife and clasping her hand, he said—

"I am very glad that we are on the open sea!"

The Queen looked at him reproachfully.

"Yes," he continued, replying to her gaze, "we are now in the hands of Providence, in this nutshell, which may at any time be lost; but we have put ourselves in peril for the glory of God, and we have nothing to fear."

After a voyage of four weeks, Louis and his forces landed at Limisso in Cyprus. His more direct course would have been

by Sicily, but as that island was under a ban in consequence of Frederick II. having displeased Innocent, the French were obliged to go by way of Cyprus to Egypt, instead of landing in Syria. For King Louis was too good a churchman to land in any territory which had been banned by the Pope, and whose sovereign had been excommunicated.

This circumstance accounts for the selection of Egypt as a starting point of the Crusade, instead of Syria.

But Louis, when he landed in Cyprus, had not an easy time of it. In the first place, the knights had to spend a good deal of money; for the inhabitants had exerted themselves to detain the army, and not without success. So feasting and amusement occupied the winter, until the funds of many nobles were exhausted. The Crusaders had plunged recklessly into dissipation, and when the spring came and departure was at hand they found themselves without funds.

Sickness also stalked through their ranks: nearly three hundred knights died, and many hundreds of the survivors were already disgusted with themselves and the idle, vicious parts they had played during the winter under the seductive influence of the Cypriotes and the Cyprus wine.

Differences arose amongst them. The clergy of the island, the Templars, and Hospitallers were continually disputing.



ST. LOUIS LANDING AT DAMIETTA.

The King's brothers also did not tend to make matters easier. The King did all in his power to reconcile the various differences which existed and which sprang up "hydra-headed" again as soon as subdued.

The Queen once remarked, *à propos* of these disputes :—

"People talk a great deal about women's quarrels, but I have never seen so much dissension in my life as amongst these men who have come to fight for the Holy Cross."

As the year advanced to spring, the Crusaders fashioned flat-bottomed boats, by means of which they would be enabled to land upon the sloping shores of Egypt, when the water was shallow. The news of their approaching departure had spread : Christian and Mussulman heard the news, and rejoiced or trembled. Nejmeddin, the Sultan of Egypt, made great preparations to resist the expected invasion of his territory, and in answer to the King's missive and declaration of war he upbraided Louis, and said :—

"Those who fight unjustly shall perish."

On Good Friday 1249 the French armament sailed from Cyprus for Damietta. There were "eighteen hundred vessels" employed in the service ; and "the whole sea was covered with cloth," says Joinville, "from the great quantity of sails that were spread to the wind."

Louis had by this time been joined by his allies, the English under Salisbury and other leaders, and harmony again reigned in the ranks. The start was favourable: the wind freshened and sent the ships along; when, suddenly, it shifted, and a severe storm arose. The immense fleet was quickly dispersed. Many vessels were driven upon the Syrian shore, and the King with a remnant returned to Cyprus. But when Salisbury and the Duke of Burgundy rejoined him, Louis plucked up courage again; for he had feared for the safety of his men. Another attempt was made, and this time successfully. In three days, the man in the crow's nest gave the signal, and cried out, "Land! land!"

Then the pilot said, "Gentlemen, we have nothing to do but to recommend ourselves to God, for here we are before Damietta."

Then the King called all his knights on board the *Mont Joie*, and entertained them in a manner worthy of a king. After the banquet, Louis addressed his chiefs:—

"Friends and faithful followers," he said. "We are now in sight of the land wherein we are about to draw our swords in a holy cause. If we hold together, we shall be invincible. But when we have disembarked, think ye no more of me; I am no longer to be King and Church. You are to be both. I am

only as one amongst yourselves, who will yield up his life when it shall please God to take it. If we die, we rise to Heaven as martyrs."

But some of his faithful adherents agreed to shield him, Geoffrey de Sergines being the foremost.

Animated by the most praiseworthy impulses, the Crusaders were very anxious to commence the combat. But it was decided, after a conference, to wait until the morrow, when the descent could be made, and meantime some more of the ships might arrive. This counsel prevailed, and the Mussulmans, who from the walls of Damietta had perceived the fleet, made preparations to repulse the invaders.

The Christians advanced slowly in their ships. The Mussulmans lined the shore in great numbers. The historian goes into raptures at the appearance of the enemy, who were "goodly to look upon," he says. Fakreddin was the Mussulman leader, and he was so magnificently clothed that the *Sieur de Joinville* likened him unto the sun in his glory. Watch was kept during the night, and at daybreak final preparations were made for the attack.

The Mussulmans were already under arms, and drawn up on the shore in a great multitude. When the fleet had advanced as near as prudence permitted, the flat-bottomed boats were

pushed out, and the debarkation commenced. All stood erect in the boats: the standard was in front, and the coast was lined by the enemy. The "oriflamme" was disembarked, and the standard of St. Denis floated out in the breeze!

Louis, perceiving this, waited no longer. He hurried across the deck, and, armed with his sword, leaped into the water, which reached up to his arm-pits. The Saracens watched him with curiosity and dread; but the King, nothing daunted, and followed by a few knights, waded ashore. Then the battalions followed; in a short time the French forces were drawn up and presented a bold front to the Saracen hosts.

The Mussulmans, much surprised, made but a feeble resistance, and were soon scattered, after a short but somewhat hot engagement by sea and land. But they found means to set fire to Damietta, and by so doing destroyed a quantity of valuable booty which the French had anticipated possessing. When the flames were perceived, scouts were sent out, and returned with the intelligence that the town of Damietta had been evacuated. The Crusaders then hurried up to the gates and found a few living Christians who had escaped the general massacre, and a number of aged dead Mussulmans whom the surviving Christians had slain in revenge for the slaughter of their co-religionists.

The French thus occupied Damietta with little loss, and then they settled down quietly in the town and in the camp after their promenade. The Sultan of Cairo sent messages to Louis, satirically congratulating him on his arrival, and requesting to be informed of the date of his departure. Louis replied to the demand by saying he would please himself, and fight the Saracens the first convenient opportunity.



CHAPTER XXI.

AT DAMIETTA—ADVANCE TO MANSOURAH.

THE intelligence that the King of France had in a few moments vanquished Fakreddin was quickly sent by “pigeon post” to the Sultan Nejmeddin. The ill news was supplemented by the vanquished soldiers and others who had fled from Damietta.

The Sultan, much exasperated, killed a number of the fugitives “to encourage the others;” but Fakreddin escaped with a reprimand, for the Sultan was merely a puppet in the hands of his emirs at that time.

The Sultan departed as quickly as possible for Mansourah, where he fancied the Christians would ere long arrive. But the Crusaders tarried in Damietta, where considerable dissatisfaction was expressed because the King would not sanction any

division of the spoil according to the usual custom in such cases. The barons remonstrated with the King, and declined to alter such a good custom as had hitherto prevailed in the distribution of the plunder. The King usually received one-third, the army two-thirds.

On this occasion, however, the King kept all the provisions under guard, and would not consent to part with them—a decision which gave rise to very considerable discontent and disappointment, while the actual booty was so small.

The King perhaps wished to recoup himself for the advances he had already made; or, more probably, he foresaw that in all likelihood much waste would ensue, and suffering supervene, if the provisions were distributed broad-cast. But, in any case, disorder ensued and national disputes and recriminations were the immediate consequences.

The English and French did not agree. There was, not unnaturally, some little jealousy; but the success of Longsword in surprising and capturing a rich caravan and a number of Oriental beauties, raised the fire of French jealousy to a high degree. “Longsword” had ventured out while the French remained quietly in Damietta, and when the English brought back their booty the French stole some of it by force of arms.

The Earl of Salisbury carried his complaint to Louis, but the Saint King could not, or would not, give him any satisfaction.

“What can I do?” cried Louis. “You know how serious an affair it would be were I to offend any of my nobles under present circumstances.”

“Do you then defend this Englishman against your own countrymen?” cried the Count of Artois, the king’s brother.

The King remonstrated with the English earl, reminding him how quickly a quarrel might arise.

“Call yourself no more king,” retorted the fiery English earl, “since you have no longer the power to administer justice, or to punish offenders.”

The Count of Artois derided the Englishmen, whom he called “tailed English,” as, after the murder of A’Beckett the British were supposed to have been punished with a caudal appendage, and they were reminded of it by the ridicule they experienced.

The general inaction and debauchery of the army continued. Luxury and pleasure were the only ideas which now kept possession of the Crusaders’ minds.

The authority of the King became less and less, and

the attacks of the Saracens became more and more frequent.

The Arabs, perceiving the manner in which the Crusaders remained quiet and steeped in "pleasure," got bolder. Their horsemen and spies made night attacks upon the camp, and many a Christian head was carried off to gain the promised reward—a golden byzant. Thus a price was put on every enemy by the Sultan, whose emissaries prowled about the camp daily.

The effect of these successful tactics may be imagined.

The courage of the Mussulmans, which had been somewhat quelled, revived. The captives were paraded, and hope again animated the Egyptians. Mansourah and other places were fortified.

The army gained strength; the people prayed, and the soldiers assembled, ready, at the first opportunity, to strike a blow upon the Crusaders' host, and to prevent any further advance.

Reinforcements continued to arrive from Europe. The Count of Poitiers came out, aided by a small contingent sent by Frederick. When the count and his followers arrived, the King determined to continue the war, and after a fatal delay the advance was decided on. The army mustered sixty

thousand. The queen and her ladies remained at Damietta with a guard. The main body proceeded towards Mansourah along the canal.

The Mussulmans kept upon the opposite side, and the Christians advanced to the head of the canal, where already a struggle had, in the days of John de Brienne, taken place.

The Crusaders, with the most ridiculous carelessness, quite neglected to inform themselves concerning any ford, or concerning the depth of the canal. Their only idea of crossing was to construct a dam across from bank to bank. But when they began to dig one side and advance their works, the Saracens dug away the bank on the other side, thus keeping the relative distances as before.

While these works were proceeding, the enemies "exchanged shots." Arrows came whizzing across the water, and many wounded men testified to the accuracy of the Mussulman aim.

Every day there was skirmishing; boats and rafts engaged each other, and all kinds of tricks were played to entrap the unwary Christian and make him prisoner. It is related that a Saracen scooped out a melon, and, putting his head in it, floated down stream. A Frenchman determined to capture

the tempting melon, and swam out for that purpose. But the melon suddenly became animated, seized the Christian assailant, and carried him away to the opposite shore as a trophy!

The Greek fire used by the Mussulmans played havoc with the Christian defences, and frightened king and knights equally.

The former prayed devoutly, and the prayers were, as Joinville says, "of great service;" but misfortune still fell upon the Christians in many ways.

At length an Arab came and offered to show the Crusaders a ford. They accepted the offer, and paid their guide a large sum of money for what they might have done for themselves had they possessed ordinary foresight. At any rate they crossed the canal, and the Count of Artois demanded to lead the van with the Templars, the Hospitallers, and the Englishmen.

The King demurred to permit such a rash young warrior in the van of the army. But Robert insisted, declaring that he would wait for the army, and begged he might lead. So the monarch reluctantly consented to this, and Robert crossed boldly. A small band of Saracens, however, were upon the opposite side, drawn up awaiting the attack.

A skirmish ensued: the Mussulmans fled into the camp and gave the alarm to the army that the Crusaders were advancing.

Had Robert waited as he had promised, perhaps the whole of the succeeding events would have had a very different termination. But he acted without orders. Seeing the enemy flying, he pursued. The troops had no choice but to follow him. The camp, and Fakreddin himself, were surprised. A severe engagement took place, and the Count of Artois, in his impetuosity, drove the Infidels before him with only a section of the Crusaders' force.

This imprudence cost the army dear. The Mussulmans fled to Mansourah, after their leader had been slain, and the Count d'Artois jeered at the advice of the Templars, who wished to wait for the main body.

Taunted by the count, the Grand Masters proudly unfurled their banners (though they could have anticipated the result), and followed the King's brother to Mansourah. Salisbury also endeavoured to advise the hot-headed count, but he would listen to no reasons, or "timid counsels," as he designated them. The result was that they captured Mansourah with their fifteen hundred troops, now separated from the main body by several miles.

The Grand Master of the Templars was much afraid of the result. He guessed they would never return, and he said so. The event proved, too sadly, how correct his surmises had been.



CHAPTER XXII.

THE BATTLE OF MANSOURAH—ROUT OF THE CRUSADERS— PRISONERS OF WAR.

THE advance guard of the army under the Count of Artois had succeeded so far in dispersing the enemy, but the prince would not listen to reason. In vain did the Grand Master of the Templars urge him to pause until the main body had crossed. The count answered that such an opinion was dictated by treachery.

“It is not without reason that we have been told that the Templars and Hospitallers, to show their own importance, prevent a conclusion to the war. They have poisoned many kings for fear of being subject to their authority.”

To this taunting accusation the Grand Master replied proudly—

“Do you think, great prince, that we have abandoned our

fortunes and homes only to betray the cause of God and lose our own salvation? Throw out the banner," he continued, "arms and death must decide our fate and honour!"

Salisbury endeavoured to persuade the prince to listen to the advice of the Grand Master, urging the Templar's experience in Eastern warfare and the danger of proceeding.

"The English are cowards," exclaimed the count. "Their timid counsel will not suit us. Behold the cowardice of the men who wear tails!"*

Longsword replied calmly, "Count Robert, I will go so far that you will not dare to touch the tail of my horse in the advance."

The unseemly altercation then ceased, and an advance was made. The allies rushed upon Mansourah, the Mussulmans, who had not yet rallied, dispersing and flying before them. The Crusaders entered the city, and the inhabitants fled in terror. The allies quite forgot the position in which they had placed themselves, but the Mussulman leader was quick to take advantage of the crisis.

* It is not easy to arrive at the reason for this term of reproach. Some of those who treated St. Augustine badly, and those who killed à'Beckett, were supposed to have had the curse of a tail inflicted on them, and this was hereditary. Some writers think the term referred to the long-toed shoes of the period; but the French wore them too.

Bendocdar, who now commanded the Infidels, perceived that the division which had succeeded in dispersing his army, was, after all, only a detachment from the main body of the Crusaders. The latter was still crossing the canal, and the Mussulman chief quickly placed his troops between the French main army and the advanced guard commanded by the Count d'Artois.

The advice of the Grand Master now came as a reproach to the fiery young commander who had scorned it. The Crusaders, who were employed in looting, were with difficulty collected in the narrow streets. The Mussulmans came charging furiously into the town: the inhabitants who still remained did all in their power to augment the confusion. They showered hot sand and boiling water upon the invaders.

Then the Count of Artois suggested a retreat; but William Longsword, to whom he made the proposal, replied proudly that he would never turn his back to a Saracen. The consequences of this desperate valour were disastrous. Though Salisbury fought like a lion, dealing death upon all who came within reach of his long sword; though the Templars, Hospitallers, and French knights sustained for hours a most unequal contest, the issue was never doubtful.

Salisbury fell when his horse's feet were cut off, but fought



THE COUNT DE JOINVILLE REPULSING THE SARACENS AT MANSOURAH.

to the last. De Vere folded the English standard round him and lay down to die. The Count of Artois was killed while retreating. The Templars suffered severely; three hundred of their gallant knights perished, the Grand Master was wounded in the eye, and the leader of the Hospitallers was taken prisoner.

Meanwhile intelligence had been carried to Louis that his advance guard, under his brother Robert, was being annihilated in Mansourah; and on the plain the crowd of yelling enemies made the intelligence seem all too probable.

The French army crossed as quickly as possible, and as soon as the knights had landed they galloped off to engage the enemy. Thus in small parties, and even by single combatants, the Mussulmans were engaged all over the plain. After a while Saint Louis himself advanced with his army in battle array.

But the impression had gained ground with the French who were in the plain that the King had commanded a retreat, and in consequence the combatants gave way before the Saracens. Louis, seeing this, at once rushed forward to stem the tide of flight, and, dashing into the enemy's ranks, fought like a lion. Surrounded by six Saracens, the King had but a small chance of escape. The enemy endeavoured to take him, but

the young King defended himself so well that the Saracens took flight.

The combat lasted until nightfall. The *Sieur de Joinville* and his adherents defended the bridge which the Saracens desired to cross to gain the French rear. *Joinville*, though severely wounded, remained unsubdued: his few companions rallied round him, encouraging each other, and laughing even at the attacks of the enemy.

From ten until three had the unfortunate advance-guard been fighting in *Mansourah* without succour. Many brave knights hurried to the gates, and vainly tried to gain admittance. The Count of Brittany was amongst these. He could hear the din of combat, but could not scale the walls, nor break the barriers. So he returned pursued by a number of the enemy, jeering at them, though he was fearfully wounded, and bleeding.

Darkness alone put an end to the battle which had cost the Crusaders so dear. Louis vainly sought amid the reassembling warriors for traces of his brother. As he was anxiously inquiring concerning him, the Master of the Hospitallers appeared. The King signing to him asked whether he had heard anything concerning the count.

The Hospitaller raised his casque, and replied, "Sire, we

have, indeed, news of him. I am informed that monseigneur is now in Paradise."

The King gazed sadly at the Prior of Rosnay.

"Be comforted, sire," said the Knight Hospitaller, "you have defeated and dispersed your enemies, and have occupied the enemy's camp."

The King, gazing at the adherents and friends who yet remained, wept as he said—

"Heaven be praised for all its mercies," and turned away. All night he lay awake mourning for his brother, amid the great pity and compassion of the knights and the whole army. The French did not think of celebrating their success after the losses they had sustained; and, besides, the Mussulmans had by no means relinquished the contest. The issue was still doubtful. Louis knew that the Saracens were not defeated; and, though the wearied Crusaders hoped for rest and refreshment, they obtained little of either. The enemy, ever on the alert, innumerable, and indefatigable, harassed the French and their allies continually. They cut off communication with Damietta. The news that the Mussulmans had conquered the Christians was sent by pigeon-post to Cairo, and new energy was instilled into the Infidels.

After an anxious night the Crusaders bridged the canal and

so retained "touch" with the Duke of Burgundy's force upon the Western side. While they were thus laudably engaged, the Saracens were exhibiting the head and armour of the unfortunate Count of Artois as the head and armour of Louis himself. This inflamed the courage and fanaticism of the Mussulmans, and they became eager for a renewal of the conflict.

They had not long to wait. Ash Wednesday and Thursday in Lent passed as above recorded; but, on Friday, the Saracen commander brought his forces into the plain, and offered battle. Louis was prepared, and the conflict commenced.

On every side the Saracens bore down upon the Crusaders; front and flanks were all attacked. The Count of Anjou was the first to feel the enemy, whose Greek fire wrought havoc, and carried terror to all, as it seized upon harness and clothing. The first confusion was increased by the stampede of the horses, which dashed in dismay through the camp, thus opening a way for the enemy. But Louis, with his attendants, rushed to the rescue, dealing death wherever he appeared. Though covered with flame he passed on unhurt, dashing aside lance and javelin, escaping a hundred deaths. His life seemed preserved by a miracle.

The other commanders and their troops were not idle, nor much behind the king in bravery. The Templars, sadly re-

duced in numbers, stood behind their intrenchments until driven in by the Greek fire, which speedily consumed their wooden rampart. Then, headed by their Grand Master, they waited for, and for a long time repulsed, the several attacks of the Mussulmans, until the latter recoiled. Behind the Templars, say the Chronicles, the ground was indistinguishable, by reason of the number of darts which had been cast at the knights. The description of individual acts of bravery might be multiplied almost indefinitely; but, when the Count of Poitiers was taken prisoner, the very camp followers, armed with sticks, or anything that came first to hand, rushed upon the Saracens, and delivered their beloved leader.

The Saracens at length drew off, but left the Crusaders greatly crippled. Still, the victory remained with them—a victory too dearly purchased. Advance was almost precluded under the circumstances, while retreat was not to be thought of. So they adopted a middle course, which is usually considered safest, and remained at Djedilé. This decision, however, brought much misery upon them. The unburied slain quickly gave birth to pestilence. Scurvy decimated their ranks. The effects of these calamities are described by Joinville in terms which move our pity for the sufferings of the brave Crusaders. The austerities of Lent did not add to their

comfort ; so many hundreds of warriors sickened and died. The servants then donned their masters' armour, and kept their posts, so as to fill up the rapidly decreasing ranks of the army.

Louis all this time was indefatigable in his efforts to heal and console. His fine character enabled him to influence many who sent for him on their death-beds. But at length, he, too, fell sick, and could no longer attend to the wants of his warriors. Famine now began to stalk through the camp. The French supplies had been intercepted on the Nile, and only one vessel escaped to bring the news to the Crusaders.

Under these circumstances the king despatched Philip de Montfort to the Sultan with a message of peace, offering to quit Damietta if the Saracens would relinquish Jerusalem and the Holy Sepulchre. The Sultan agreed, provided the King of France were delivered to him as a hostage.

Louis had foreseen the chance of such a demand, and had empowered Montfort to offer one of the royal princes, his brothers ; but the Mussulman would have the King, and no other.

"I want the King himself," said he. At this a cry of indignation arose from the embassy.

"We would all rather be killed or made captives," replied

Geoffrey de Sergines, "than that such dishonour and reproach should fall upon us."

This led to a breaking off of negotiations, and the Crusaders commenced to retire across the canal; but, while passing, they were attacked by the Saracens again. The attendants of the King endeavoured to persuade him to go on board a boat, for he could hardly sit his horse; but the Saint King refused.

"No," he replied, "I will not separate from my people in danger."

"Neither will I leave his Majesty," said Geoffrey de Sergines as he proceeded; and, in the skirmish that succeeded, he defended the King bravely, knocking aside the Saracens, who would have assailed Louis, "as a servant would brush away flies from his mater's face."

Unfortunately, the bridge by which the retiring army had crossed the canal had not been destroyed, and the Saracens had no difficulty in following the Crusaders. Their retreat was, consequently, much harassed by the foe. Numbers fell dead and dying. Those proceeding by water were more fortunate, but all suffered: for the Mussulman flotilla awaited them, and they were in a terrible strait.

Disaster still pursued the army on land. Châtillon preserved the King as long as he could. But to little purpose. Louis,

bareheaded, and with only his sword, escaped, it is true; but, subsequently, was captured. He was lifted from his steed, and then Montfort requested leave to go and negotiate again with the Emir. He was sent to make peace on any terms. The parties met, and the conditions were agreed to. The treaty was just about to be signed, when a man named Marcal, who is described as "a traitor, a rascal door-keeper," cried out—

"Gentlemen, you must yield. The King, through me, commands you. Do not cause his death."

The party immediately surrendered; the Emir declined to re-open the question; the King had sent no such message. The warriors returned, escorted by their conquerors, and Louis was made prisoner.

All the princes and nobles likewise were taken, and many were killed; some turned Mussulmans to save their lives. The sick, and the women and children who had gone by water, suffered a like fate.

Joinville surrendered on board his boat and threw his jewels into the water. He was spared, being reported the King's cousin, and therefore worth a ransom. He at first declined to surrender, declaring that his orders were to defend the sick and resist: "Even if killed we shall all go to heaven," he said.

But many years afterwards, when he was relating the incident, he would add, with a grave smile—

“I don’t think we believed we should all go there, nevertheless.”



CHAPTER XXIII.

THE QUEEN AT DAMIETTA—THE EMIR'S PROPOSAL—

LOUIS IX. RETURNS HOME.

IN the disastrous retreat, 30,000 Crusaders perished. The joy of the Infidels knew no bounds, and Louis was carried in chains to Mansourah, where he was put under strict guard.

Before long the sad tidings were carried to Damietta, where Queen Marguerite remained in very delicate health. The Saracens were assembling and threatening to attack the town. The Queen was terrified, and an aged warrior took up his quarters in her rooms to keep guard. When the young prince was christened, they had named him Tristan, for the circumstances were very sad.

“We will call him Tristan,” the Queen said to Marie de

Châtillon. "No one knows what I have suffered in this place."

Many days in her great trouble and distress she kept the old knight near her. He was a devoted adherent of the King, and sat beside her while she slept, keeping watch and ward over his King's wife.

One day the Queen threw herself at his feet and demanded a favour. "You must swear," she said, "that if the Saracens enter the town, you will cut off my head rather than let me fall into their hands."

"You may be assured I will do so, madam. I had already determined never to let you fall into their power," he answered.

Then her Majesty was somewhat comforted, but she still suffered from the continual alarms, and the uncertainty connected with the fate of the King.

The very next day after her interview with the aged knight, some of the garrison—the Pisans and their friends—determined to abandon the town. The Queen at once sent for their leaders, and, quite unable to go to them, received them in her own chamber.

"Gentlemen," she exclaimed, "I pray you, for heaven's sake, do not leave the town. You know, my lord, the King, and all the army will be utterly lost if you depart and the city be taken.

For my sake, and for my infant son's sake, wait until I am able to leave my apartments."

The townspeople sympathized with the poor Queen, and were willing to defend her. The Italians were not much moved, however; and, having consulted with each other, one replied,—

"Madam, what can be done? We have come here upon our business, to trade, and to make money. We have gained nothing, and are dying of starvation!"

The Queen perceived that they were not exaggerating matters, and had really suffered. "You need not go on account of famine," she answered. "I will act for the King: all the obtainable provisions shall be purchased by me, and you will live. The King will henceforth support you."

The Queen kept her word. She gave orders that henceforth all available stores and supplies should be procured. This relief cost her 360,000 livres. She thus preserved the town, for the garrison refused to surrender, and the Saracens seemed afraid to attack.

At length, however, they became impatient, and tried stratagem. Clothing themselves in knights' armour, they presented themselves for admission at the gates. Great joy was manifested when the "released soldiers" were seen approaching the walls; but as the betrayers came nearer, their cast of countenance

betrayed the manœuvre. The guards were hastily collected, and the wolves in sheep's clothing were repulsed from the fold.

Then, throwing off all disguise, the Saracens demanded admission as a right. They added the false statement that the King and his warriors were dead, and resistance was hopeless. The answer was, that resistance would be made, in any case, until expected succour arrived. With this answer the Mussulmans were compelled to be contented. They believed that the bold front was supported by a strong garrison, and beat a retreat to Mansourah, where the Saint King was kept a captive in misery and in sickness.

Louis IX. behaved as one whose firmness and faith were not to be shaken. Almost naked, and treated with contumely, in a horrible prison,—no complaint nor appeal for mercy escaped him; not a movement of anger or impatience was seen by friend or foe. He employed himself in reading his breviary; and his resignation even surprised the stoical Mussulmans.

The Sultan of Egypt endeavoured to induce him to clothe himself in magnificent garments, which he sent for the purpose, and to sit at the grand table. But the Christian King declined to wear a conqueror's livery, or to become a spectacle for the amusement of the Infidel. He was attended by learned doctors

who ministered to his ailments; and then overtures of treaty were made: the King to deliver up Damietta and all the cities held by the Christians. These proposals Louis haughtily declined. Though brutally threatened with torture and slavery, still no threats had any effect. "I am the Sultan's prisoner, he can do what he pleases," was the only response.

History tells us that he suffered keenly when the sorrows and troubles of the other captives became known to him. He had no care for himself, but his "people" seem to have had his greatest sympathy. The Crusaders—prisoners—amounted to ten thousand; and, daily, batches of them were called out and given the immediate alternative of recantation or death. Many embraced the Mussulman religion, many more were slaughtered—hundreds a day.

The nobles were still retained in the expectation of being ransomed; and they did commence negotiations for that purpose. Louis, however, took the price upon himself, and offered to pay for all. One million of golden byzants, and Damietta, were demanded. But the King declined to agree to the surrender of the town unless the Queen would approve. "She is my lady—I can do nothing without her consent." This surprised the Sultan, but at length a treaty of peace was drawn up.

The barons then learned that the ransom had been paid by



ANCIENT WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

the King. All were released, and galleys were made ready for their transport down the Nile. They reached Pharescour, when the Sultan also arrived, and where a tragedy was about to be acted.

The Sultan's conduct had displeased his emirs, and they conspired against him. He was reproached with many sinister designs, and his death was determined on. Pharescour was chosen as the place, and Louis was also there encamped with the other liberated prisoners of war. Then the treaty for the relinquishment of Damietta had to be completed. Only three days more, and the semblance of captivity would cease for ever. On the threshold of freedom they were held, however, for the death of the Sultan put an end to the promised arrangements.

The terrified ruler, taken at a feast by surprise, escaped to a tower, where he barricaded himself and called for succour. By stratagem the conspirators managed to get rid of all the loyal soldiers, and then they proceeded to work their wicked will with the Sultan. Surrounded by Greek fire, shot at with arrows, he has no chance of escape, and pursued by the flames, he dropped from the window of the turret. He was at once attacked, but managed to reach the river; a body of Mamelukes pursued him, and dispatched him in the water, within sight of the galley which

carried the *Sieur de Joinville*, the historian. The Sultan "perished thus by water, by fire, and by the sword."

The Crusaders did not yet receive much clemency at the hands of the emirs. The leader came boldly into the King's tent and exclaimed, "What will you give to the man who has destroyed your enemy?"

The King made no answer. He only formed the sign of the cross between himself and the emir, who demanded the honour of knighthood at the king's hand.

"Make me a knight," he cried, "or thou shalt not live!"

The King's reply was characteristic.

"I will never knight one who does not believe in Jesus Christ," he said. "Be converted and baptised, then will I knight you, and you shall return with me to France, where I will raise you to great honour."

The emirs who were waiting, then, requested the King to be their ruler. The change from ferocity to gentleness has been described as something very remarkable. After threatening Louis, and endeavouring to intimidate him, they suddenly veered round, and offered him the crown.

Some of the emirs did not unite in the petition, urging that if Louis—a Christian—was permitted to rule, he would kill all the Mussulmans. The king, however, declined the honour;

“but had they insisted,” says the *Sieur de Sergines*, “I do not know what he would have done!”

Fortunately, the Crusaders on board the vessels had been released. They had suffered much, packed as they had been, hands and feet scarcely able to move. “*Messire Pierre* had his feet pressed against my face, while mine were in contact with his neck: the *Seneschal of Champagne* lying all the time on the top of both.”

Finally, the town of *Damietta* was surrendered to the Infidels. But the actual transfer was delayed for a long time, and the King was in danger, because he would not take an oath to surrender it, maintaining that his word was quite sufficient, and declining to supplement it by a formal declaration. At length the Crusaders evacuated *Damietta*, and the Moslems poured in.

Hardly had the Queen's party put to sea, when the Saracens rushed in, and began to massacre all in their way. Even the King had a narrow escape.

The emirs had actually been discussing the expediency of putting him to death. One man alone checked the suggestion. He declared that “dead men pay no ransoms,” and the cupidity of the rest prevailed.

The treaty was accordingly fulfilled. Louis, who had already

arranged for the payment of the ransom, was enabled to put it in the hands of the emirs; he then embarked with his retinue, and left Egypt for Syria. He reached Acre in a few days, but remained in the East for four years.

During that time he repaired the fortifications of certain places, which still remained in the possession of the Christians, and buried all who had been slain in recent skirmishes. But day by day his men fell away. Many returned home; but Louis refused to do so, though he had to relinquish his cherished idea of visiting the Holy Sepulchre.

While in the Holy Land, he received the news of his mother's death. He felt this keenly, and his Queen, who had again joined him, was equally sorrowful. Marguerite wanted the King to return, but feared to press the point. Louis, however, saw where his first duty lay, and he made his preparations for return.

He embarked at Acre on the 24th April, 1254, and after suffering in a storm off Cyprus, on the 8th of July the flotilla reached the south of France. Louis at length disembarked, but before he quitted the vessel, he extended his arms over the sea, and cried—

“Jerusalem waits still. In future I will serve God here until I am called again to Palestine!”

“Heaven forbid that,” muttered Joinville. “If he do return, I know one devoted servant, at any rate, who will not accompany him to the Holy Land.”



CHAPTER XXIV.

STATE OF AFFAIRS—BIBARS BENDOCDAR—HIS ENMITY AGAINST
THE CHRISTIANS — A NEW CRUSADE UNDER ST. LOUIS IS
UNDERTAKEN.

LOUIS IX. was greatly disappointed that he had not been able to achieve the desire of his heart. He had actually gained no success ; he had returned without an army. All the chivalrous blood, all the treasure which he had expended, had been virtually thrown away. The Mussulman was still the ruler in Palestine.

In the year 1255 the Infidels again broke out, and but feeble attempts were made to crush them. The task was further complicated by the dissensions which broke out in the ranks of the Crusaders themselves. The cruel Bibars Bendocdar was raised to the throne of the Sultan in a most extraordinary manner. Koutouz, the emir who had been lately

appointed Sultan, had made a truce with the Christians after he had routed the Tartars.

But Bibars and other fanatics would have no half measures with the invaders. They would stop short of nothing less than extermination. Bendocdar accordingly stirred up a party of revolt. He had caused the death of the last Sultan of Saladin's line, and king-making had for him as great an attraction as for the celebrated Earl of Warwick in English history.

Bibars, therefore, collected his followers, and, taking advantage of the day on which the Sultan Koutouz was out hunting, the ambitious Mameluke attacked him, and then, riding into the Mussulman camp announced the death of the Sultan.

"Who killed him?" demanded the officer in command.

"It was I," replied Bibars Bendocdar, calmly, and his appearance confirmed the statement, for his clothing was stained with blood and disordered.

"You!" exclaimed the officer. "In that case, then, you had better become Sultan and reign in his stead."

This statement may appear a mere anecdote without authentic confirmation, but it is related with authority and quoted by historians. At any rate, the ultimate result was to make Bibars Sultan of Egypt, and he was at once recognised as "the Pillar of the Mussulman religion, and the father of Victory."

This title, bestowed upon him in consequence of his hatred of the Franks, he did his best to maintain. He lost no time in declaring savage war against the Christians, and they, unready and weakened by internal divisions, were quite unequal to the contest with their powerful and unscrupulous adversary.

War had already (1259) been waged between the Hospitallers and the Knights of the Temple, and it was not until the proclamation of the new Sultan, Bibars Bendocdar, in 1263, that the Latin forces perceived the imperative necessity for unanimous action. Egypt once subdued and consolidated, Bibars descended upon Syria. He met with no resistance in the open field; the numbers of the Christians were too scanty to oppose the fierce Mameluke leader, but they fortified the towns and gave him some trouble.

Peace was scoffed at. Bibars went on in his work of destruction; he fell on Nazareth and burnt it, demolished the church on Mount Tabor, took Cæsarea and Jaffa, sacked Antioch and burned it. The Christians were in all cases subjected to cruel tortures to induce them to change their religion. Thus, from 1265 to 1268, when Antioch fell a prey to the destroyer, the sufferings of the Christians in Palestine were most terrible. Thousands were massacred; one hundred thousand were sold as

slaves. Nor was the bloodthirsty Bibars yet content. He ravaged the country, and after a pause in his savagery subdued Laodicea and proceeded in his purpose of "exterminating the Christians." Acre was only saved by the intervention of the King of Cyprus, but Bibars collected a fleet to conquer the island too. However, the fleet was lost in a storm, and the Egyptians became somewhat panic-stricken at this result.

Tripoli and Acre alone remained to the Christians. Antioch had actually been laid waste; scarcely a stone remained: the proud possessions of the old Crusaders had, like their own bodies, turned to dust and ashes.

We can imagine the consternation with which this news was received in Europe. A new Crusade had been already in contemplation when the Archbishop of Tyre and the Grand Master of the Templars, who had almost all perished, arrived in the West with the appalling intelligence of the destruction of all the Christian places. Clement IV., the reigning Pope, had already approved of Saint Louis's projected new expedition to the Holy Land.

But in the other parts of Europe—in Germany, Austria, Poland, etc.—the spirit of Holy War found no welcome. In France certainly the idea had spread, and thence to England, where the knights seemed much inclined to unite under Prince

Edward and assist the aged Louis IX. in his crusade. The Sultan of Egypt laughed all the preparations to scorn, and ridiculed the idea of any success against himself.

Louis convoked an assembly in Paris on the 23rd of March, 1267, for the purpose of explaining his design to the barons and parliament of France. Rumours had already given some currency to the King's design, but when he entered the hall of the Louvre, bearing a crown of thorns, "the whole assembly were at once aware of the monarch's intentions."

The King explained his views, proclaimed the terrible misfortunes which had fallen upon the Christians, and the imperative necessity for their relief and the subjugation of the cruel Saracens. Those present lamented the necessity. They remembered all that the French army had already suffered and lost in the former expedition; they thought of France left without the guidance of the wise, prudent, and religious sovereign; they thought of the aged monarch himself, and of their own share in the coming Crusade—of the dangers, the humiliations, the difficulties which must be endured and encountered; and yet no one gainsaid the sainted Louis, though the regret was universal and sincere.

Meanwhile a legate from the Pope had proceeded to England and endeavoured to interest the Prince and his followers.

The King held a Parliament at Northampton, and the legate expounded his views. The result was that Prince Edward, with Warwick and Pembroke, took the Cross, and vowed to proceed to the Holy Land. Many other knights and prelates also came forward. In Scotland, John Baliol and some nobles united in the Crusade, and the spirit which had formerly penetrated the English seemed to have revived.

The departure of the Crusaders was fixed for the year 1270, thus giving nearly three years for preparation. This seems a very long time to us, but money had to be collected and a spirit of inactivity had to be over-ridden. Ships had to be procured from distant countries, for the French had no fleet. Genoa and Venice were applied to, as in the preceding Crusade, and considerable jealous feeling was stirred up between the Genoese and the Venetians. Finally the former consented, and the Venetians declined positively to help.

This evil overcome, another cropped up both in France and England. Money was scarce, and a great deal of money was required. The clergy were called upon to contribute the usual tenth, but they remonstrated in France very strongly at being compelled to bear the chief expenses of the Crusade. The Pope however gave them no redress, and he ordered that the proportion named should be set aside. In England the same

was enacted, and a "twentieth" from the laity at Michaelmas.

Louis IX. levied a capitation tax from his lords, and this was paid. Philip his son was dubbed knight and was permitted to accompany the expedition. But all the time the nobles declared that the Crusade would end in ruin for themselves and the King: for themselves because they went unwillingly, for the King because they did not believe in the success of the expedition. Nevertheless they paid their money and they went.

Many other rulers now came into the Crusade to unite with the French and English. France was pleased that Edward of England was coming, and the Kings of Castile, Arragon, Portugal, and Navarre; the Earls of Brittany and Flanders; Counts of Champagne, Artois, Soissons, Ero; and many lords, came forth. The English, meanwhile, were not idle; and on them really the brunt of the Crusade was destined to fall; for, as may be gathered, the French nobles had entered very unwillingly into the scheme, and were very "lukewarm" in the cause.

The date of embarkation was fixed for May, 1270, and notifications were accordingly sent by the King to this effect. Louis appointed regents during his absence, and took fare-

well—a final farewell—of his devoted Queen Marguerite. He appeared at Notre Dame in Paris barefooted, and received the Cross as he carried a staff and scrip in pilgrim's guise. At Vincennes he quitted his wife, whom he was not destined to meet again on earth.

It now became a question in what direction the expedition should first advance. Many were for going to Tunis, and sweeping its piratical population from the sea. The Tunisians had power to mar any expedition, and did a great deal of damage to commerce. Moreover the King of Tunis had already expressed his wish to be baptised, and this was an attraction whose power over Louis the Good was superior even to the Crusade. To make such a convert would be indeed a glory and a privilege.

So Tunis was appointed as the objective, and Louis proceeded to Aigues Mortes, where he expected to find his allies' ships and his vassals' armies. But neither navy nor nobles appeared, and continual messages were necessary to stir up the unwilling peers of France, who came to the rendezvous but slowly. The ships also arrived after a while, and on the 4th of July, 1270, the French set sail for Cagliari.

Here Louis called a Council of War, and in obedience to his own feelings and to the representations of Charles of Anjou,

King of Sicily, his brother—notwithstanding the attempts of his council to dissuade him—the Saint King quitted Sardinia and landed in Africa, upon the site of ancient Carthage, on the 24th July. No opposition was made, the inhabitants of the country ran away as soon as the vessels came near; but the King would wait awhile and risk nothing. So he waited.



CHAPTER XXV.

THE ENGLISH PRINCE — LOUIS IN TUNIS — HIS SICKNESS AND
DEATH — THE FRENCH RETURN — EDWARD RELIEVES ACRE.

WHILE Louis was waiting in Tunis, Edward of England was preparing to embark for the Holy Land. Victorious at Evesham and at Lewes, the young prince was well-fitted to command, and King Henry, who had been released by his warlike son, delivered to him the Cross at Winchester.

Edward prepared for his immediate departure; but then the question arose in the council—Should his wife accompany him? She determined to do so, notwithstanding all representations made to her concerning the trials and dangers, as well as the unsalubrity of the climate and country.

“Talk not of danger to me,” said Eleanor, with contempt; “the way to heaven is as short through Palestine as from England or Castile.”

She declared she would not leave her husband. So, on the

5th August, the prince quitted Winchester and his father, whom he never saw again. The English embarked at Dover on the 20th August, 1270.

Edward was attended by a noble following and retinue. Both England and Scotland had poured forth their best nobles to the Holy War. Eleanor had preceded him, and when he joined her and finally started for Palestine, news came that Louis had turned aside to Tunis, instead of proceeding, as had been anticipated, direct to Syria. This intelligence, no doubt, caused the little English force some surprise, but Edward determined to see the issue, and gave directions for the ships to be put for the coast of Africa.

All this had caused delay, and while Edward was arranging matters in England and at sea, King Louis and the French had been suffering greatly in the hostile and treacherous climate of Tunis, and from the equally hostile and treacherous inhabitants.

Although the King of Tunis had long before sent messages of peace to Louis and even expressed a desire to become a Christian, no sooner had the saint-King landed in Africa than the Infidel monarch sent him a polite message to the effect that he would take his baptism in the field of battle. He also added some threats to the effect that, if Louis advanced to the capital, all the Christians in Tunis would be massacred.

Such a reception was indeed disappointing to a mind such as Louis's, but the King made no moanings over the change. He paid no attention to the threats held out by the Infidel monarch, for the Mussulmans or Moors were tremendously alarmed at the very sight of the Christians. They certainly came swooping down like so many birds of prey, but the least advance on the part of the French caused them to take flight, only to "settle" again when all danger of pursuit had passed away.

On one occasion some hundreds came into the French camp, and said they wished to become Christians. The unsuspecting French admitted them, and then the Moors turned and slew all within reach. The Christians, however, soon rallied and killed nearly all these treacherous Infidels, dismissing with contempt and scorn those who knelt to implore mercy and pardon.

But the French, though they must have perceived that victory was assured had they chosen to advance, remained inactive, waiting for the English or the Sicilians, while Bencodcar sent to encourage the Moors. Yet even this news did not stimulate Louis the Saint, whose first idea was to convert the King of Tunis, and gain a great spiritual victory. A most praiseworthy but, as it happened, a most disastrous notion for him and his warriors.

The Mussulmans soon took advantage of the inaction of the

French. The Moorish warriors came swooping down, raising clouds of dust, which by means of instruments they increased ; and the wind bore the suffocating cloud down upon the Christian hosts. Fever and dysentery, added to the heat, made fearful ravages amongst the Crusaders, and some of the leaders were attacked by it. Louis's son Philip, the Pope's legate, and others soon gave way. The Duke of Nevers died. Louis himself was then seized, and he sent for Philip to give him his last instructions.

It was a sad and mournful scene.

Far away from home the dying King held up the Christian example to his successor, the " Bold " Philip, who was so soon to ascend the throne of France. His daughter, the Queen of Navarre, was also comforted ; and then the King resigned himself entirely to the consolations of religion. On the 25th of August he became speechless, and he then made signs to be placed upon a hair-cloth spread over ashes. He lay thus for a time, then suddenly regaining his speech, he exclaimed :—

" Oh, Lord ! I shall enter into Thy home, and shall worship Thee in Thy Holy Tabernacle."

" At three in the afternoon," says the historian, " he died."

Sadness and universal mourning were brooding over the Christian camp when that evening Charles came up from Sicily

with his troops to his brother's assistance, only to find that brother a corpse. The music was suddenly hushed for the stillness of the French camp struck a chill into Charles's heart. He hurried on to the French King's tent, and found no more the kind, brave, indulgent Christian King. The spirit had fled, but even in departing it had stamped a holy joy upon the features of the Saint King who had peacefully passed to his rest.

Charles bowed at the dead monarch's feet, and bathed them with his tears. He had arrived too late. Subsequently, the remains of Louis were placed in two urns. The entrails were given to Charles. Philip had possession of the heart and bones, though the urn containing them remained with the army as a talisman against all trouble and danger. But the French determined to prosecute no more Crusades. They had suffered enough already: the death of Louis was the last burthen on their already heavily laden shoulders, and they determined to return to France.

This resolve, however, did not prevent them from inflicting a measure of chastisement upon the Moors; who, mistaking the grief of the army for cowardice, had begun to be importunate in their attacks.

After some encounters in which the Tunisian troops came badly off, and after some consideration, a truce was arranged for

ten years. A large sum of money was agreed to be annually paid to Charles of Anjou, and the whole expenses of the expedition were to be defrayed by the Prince of Tunis. When these conditions had been arranged, the truce was signed by Philip and the King of Tunis.

But nobody was satisfied. The English, who had arrived before the fatal termination of the King's illness, were very much annoyed, and fully convinced that the French would not carry out their engagements and proceed to Syria. The Mameluke Bibars Bendocdar also was very much disgusted with the Mussulman prince for making a treaty with a Christian, and Bibars declared angrily that such a King was not fit to reign over Mussulmans. The French army generally did not like the peace, because they fancied it reflected upon their valour. They had victory within their grasp, and had flung it away! The nobles only were indifferent: they had undertaken the war with apathy, and they saw its inglorious conclusion without regret.

Edward was very angry when the late King's brother announced to him that the treaty of peace had been agreed upon: the English prince had resolutely declined to be any party to such councils as had been held; and when he learnt the conclusion, his anger broke forth. The French endeavoured to modify matters by suggesting a departure for Sicily, and thence

an advance to Acre; but the prince declared that he would go on to Palestine even if he had to go alone.

The voyage to Sicily proved disastrous. A tempest arose and dispersed the ships, many of which were lost with all hands, horses, arms, and stores. The treasure-ship also went to the bottom, and the gold of Tunis sank to the depths of the Mediterranean Sea. In this terrible storm, four thousand of the Crusaders met a watery grave. When the remnant reached Trapani, a council was held, and Philip determined to go back to France, nor was his decision to be wondered at. His sister and her husband, of Navarre, both died; and even as he set out, his own wife was killed by a fall from her horse. Such a melancholy departure surely never was seen: a young king, his brother dead, his wife's and his father's bodies with him, a brother-in-law and a favourite sister laid in foreign soil—all this was surely enough.

But other calamities awaited him. His friends the Count and Countess of Poitiers also succumbed, and the illustrious Henri d'Allemagne was murdered. The sad presentiments which had agitated Marguerite of France had been fully realized.

“It was not a flag of victory, but a funeral pall, that preceded the French warriors on their march. Funeral urns, the wreck of an army, a young sick prince—this was all that came back

from the Crusade." Louis IX., or rather his remains, were laid at St. Denis, between his father and grandfather. But the storm of revolution scattered his ashes to the winds; and the memory only remains.

Edward determined to proceed to the Holy Land, notwithstanding his small force; and, after wintering in Sicily, in April 1271, he sailed to Acre. His whole array mustered only a thousand men, and not half of these were Knights of England. But, when Edward appeared, the Templars and Hospitallers came to his standard; and this addition of force, added to the reputation which Richard had left behind him, alarmed the vindictive Bendocdar.

Bibars had been employing himself in the fashion so dear to his heart. He had attacked Acre, wherein most of the Christians had assembled, and considerable wealth and commerce had centred in the town. There were, however, many parties in the city. Every quarter is represented as wishing to be independent of the rest, and there was no harmonious mode of government.

Bendocdar accordingly counted on Acre as an easy prey. He was, of course, aware of the death of Louis, and the peace that had been patched up with the French King. Therefore, he considered the time had come to strike a blow, and he chose the

spring of 1271 for the purpose. So he encamped before the city, and did his best to desolate the surrounding country, and the gardens immediately surrounding the town, while his captains and engineers began the siege.

The divided counsels within were, for a time, united. Many suggestions were made for the defence, but none was adopted. The final result of the negotiations was that the city of Acre was to be surrendered to Bendocdar in four days, unless within that period assistance should arrive.

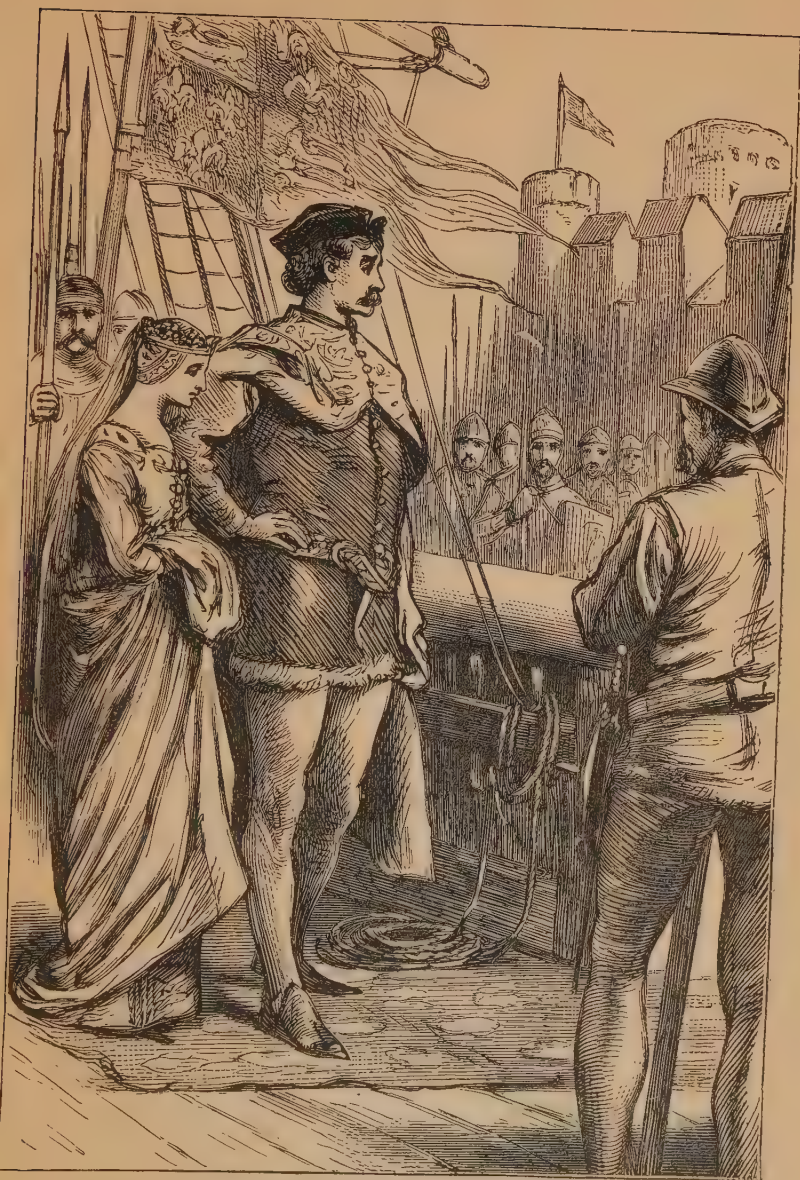
To this, Bibars Bendocdar agreed ; but his information could scarcely have been good, else he would not have consented. Within the specified time a great commotion was visible to him as he scanned the sea-defences of the town. Some ships were approaching the city. The houses, the quays, the ramparts, which gave a view of the sea, were thronged, and hundreds of delighted Christians ran about congratulating each other. What had happened ? What was going to happen ?

The Saracens were soon made aware of the cause of all this joy. An English prince—a great warrior, like the “*Melech Ric*” of bold renown, who was well remembered in Palestine—had arrived with English troops to relieve Acre. Was this news true ?

Yes ! Bendocdar might satisfy himself. The ships were

approaching. On the deck of the foremost a warrior was standing—an English warrior with long legs and fair hair—one who had come with his brave knights to the relief of Acre, and who were now about to land. Enough. The Saracen needed no more proof. The Western Crusaders had come: his own soldiers, with the memory of Cœur de Lion fresh in their minds, would not face such another warrior. It was time to decamp. So Bibars stole away, leaving a devastated country to welcome the new-comers.





THE RELIEF OF ACRE BY PRINCE EDWARD.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PRINCE EDWARD AT ACRE—ATTEMPT OF THE ASSASSIN—

EDWARD'S RETURN—END OF THE CRUSADES.

EDWARD'S arrival at Acre aroused while it also sustained the spirit of the Christians. His appearance had a correspondingly depressing effect upon the Mussulman warriors, who withdrew, while Edward and his seven thousand men advanced upon Nazareth. Bibars had already taken possession of it, but the Crusaders determined to be revenged.

Marching rapidly, the English prince defeated a Mussulman force, and won Nazareth at the point of the sword. The remembrance of Saracen barbarity whetted the vengeance of the Crusaders: the slaughter was terrible. No quarter was given, and, animating each other by cries of vengeance, the Crusaders cut down all the Infidels they could find.

Having thus revenged himself on Bibars and his army, the

prince returned towards Acre. The army had already suffered considerably from the heat, but Edward was, nevertheless, able to cut his way to the coast through his enemies. This victory did not much good, for Bendocdar was by no means subdued. He made preparations for assaulting the Crusaders, and an engagement ensued, in which the Saracens were routed. But heat and disease, perhaps disinclination to remain, now impelled Edward back to the shelter of Acre; and in a weak and suffering condition he reached the shelter of the city where his death was attempted.

The Governor of Jaffa, it is stated, was pretending to be a friend of Edward, while under the orders of the Sultan of Egypt. The ruler sent him a message, says one chronicle, that to traffic with a Christian was a disgrace, and if any further courtesy was extended to Edward the Governor would be degraded at least. This threat kindled a smouldering flame, and the result was that Edward's death by a poisoned dagger was resolved upon. Other accounts say that one of his own servants fanatically sought Edward's life. But, whatever the means employed, the danger was equally great, and nothing but the Prince's strength and physique served him in this emergency.

The murder of Henry of Cornwall, too, added to the general

gloom which, in conjunction with the effects of the climate oppressed the Crusaders.

One evening—it was in Whit week—Edward had so far recovered as to be able to enjoy the evening air, as he reclined in delicious langour on his couch. Things had not gone well with the expedition; it appeared as if things would never go well again. Money was hard to come by, fame held aloof, while sickness grasped many a hand in camp.

While the Prince mused, murder was crouching near at hand. The assassin was approaching.

A person demanded an audience. The Prince at once gave leave for the man to be admitted. The messenger from the Governor of Jaffa entered with the humility of the Eastern subject, and presented a paper for the Prince's perusal. Edward took it and was reading it with attention, quite unsuspecting of any danger; and though he perceived, no doubt, that the infidel thrust his hand beneath his *burnouse* again, he paid no attention to the movement.

Suddenly the hand was withdrawn, holding, not a letter this time, but a sharp and poisoned poignard. Swiftly as the blow was dealt, the Prince's eye, trained in many a battle, was quicker. He raised his arm and parried the stroke. Another attempt quickly followed, but Edward had risen, and with all

his returning strength grappled with the would-be assassin. After a short struggle, the English Prince succeeded in gaining possession of the dagger, and in a moment more had plunged it into the Assassin's heart.

The noise of the scuffle reached the ears of the attendants, who rushed in and found the Prince wounded and bleeding, the assailant dead. One of the Prince's attendants beat out the brains of the Saracen as he lay on the floor—an act which excited Edward's indignation as savouring of barbarity to a dead enemy.

The anxiety of the Princess Eleanor and of the commanders can be imagined. Old historians tell us that the Grand Master of the Temple brought the Prince a draught which was to serve as an antidote to the poison. The surgeons were called in and looked very grave. The state of the Prince's health, the climatic conditions, the subtle poison instilled into the blood, were serious facts to overcome. The only resource was to cut out the part.

Alas for the myth—the heroic act of Eleanor. Camden, indeed, tells us that the brave princess sucked the poison from the wound, and this touching proof of her affection had come in “through the hawse holes” of English History, and occupied a place to which the incident had no right. We



EDWARD AND THE ASSASSIN.

regret that we must relegate this touching fable to the limbo of lost myths, to the same place where so many cherished historical illusions have been buried under hard matter-of-fact. It is sad, and we are sorry. "Pity it is," says Fuller, "that so pretty a story should not be true . . . yet it cannot stand with what others have written."

The Princess was very unwilling to retire while the operation was performed. But De Vesci took her respectfully away, weeping as she went.

"Madam," said he, "it is better that one woman should shed tears for a little while, than that all England should lament for a long season."

So she was persuaded. Edward bravely submitted himself to the operation. The doctors cut out the mortifying flesh, in a few weeks the Prince was convalescent.

It is said that Bibars Bendocdar was much annoyed to have it reported that he was the cause of the wound being inflicted, and he sent ambassadors to assure the Prince of his innocence. Edward had his suspicions, and we read that they did turn upon Bibars, after all. The truth will never be ascertained, nor does the hidden influence much matter after this lapse of years.

After remaining in Acre for more than a year, Edward

succeeded in making peace with the Egyptian Sultan. The King of England had summoned his son to return, and Edward, seeing no prospect of doing any more, concluded a truce with the Mamelukes for ten years, in July, 1272. He turned his steps homeward in August, and visited Sicily. Here he learned the death of his son, and of Henry III., his father; so Edward was now King of England.

He continued his journey, meeting with much enthusiasm and with a warm welcome from the Pope. Everywhere on his journey he was cheered and *fêted*, though he did not trust King Philip of France. Edward, however, remained on the Continent, was inveigled into a meeting with the treacherous Count of Chalons, who “caught a Tartar” when he attempted Edward’s destruction; and finally our brave Prince, escaping alike from kindness and treachery, arrived in England, where he met with a right royal reception.

This was virtually the end of the Crusades. Attempts were subsequently made by Pope Gregory X. to initiate a new Holy War, but without success. The old fanatical spirit had died out. But once again the brand of war was lighted in Palestine. The Mussulmans, who had remained quiet for several years, were at length provoked by the Latins. The Sultan of Egypt, Keladun, in revenge, and despairing of redress

for injuries inflicted, bore down upon Tripoli, which he reduced in 1289. He then invested Acre, the debatable ground for so many generations, having swept all before him *en route*.

The city was invested on the land side, and nothing apparently could save it. The inhabitants fled, leaving the defence to the Christian Knights, the Templars, Hospitallers, and Knights of Malta, who numbered about twelve thousand. For many days these brave men repulsed the multitude of the Mamelukes. The brave defence of Acre equalled, if it did not exceed, the brilliancy of former Crusades. The small band of knights defended themselves nobly. Time after time did they pile up the Moslem dead in the breach, but multitudes took their places and finally prevailed. Even in the fall of the city, the Templars and other knights remained unconquered. They carved their way to the sea-shore, and a remnant escaped.

The carnage was dreadful. The worst passions of the Mussulmans were let loose. Acre was plundered and destroyed. The cities of the coast were likewise assailed and devastated in succession, until the whole of Palestine was given over to the Infidel—as it still is.

Thus ended the Crusades, which had been first preached by Peter the Hermit, and which had been eagerly pursued for

nearly two hundred years. Among the many popular or fanatical movements the Crusades must rank first. The causes of the decadence of the crusading spirit have been told many times. If nothing succeeds like success, surely non-success is a powerful quencher of enthusiasm. So it was with the Crusades. Time after time the Western warriors had retreated from Syria with a success far less than the losses they had endured warranted. In fact, the game was hopeless. Even Saint Louis perceived the decline of the religious fervour with which the Church of Rome had fostered for her own purposes—for her own influence.

The true religious feeling which had been imported into the First Crusade had afterwards miserably declined. To go to the Crusade and fight, meant afterwards a means of absolution for gross sins; and pardons were actually sold for money.

This tremendous leverage, exercised by the Popes, rendered the Crusades but a stepping-stone to power of a temporal kind. The money subscribed was frequently misappropriated, and *persecution* of those who did not agree with the Pontiff was substituted for a Crusade.

When religious fanaticism is armed with carnal weapons, the Ruler of the Church can do anything, and the Popes abused their power so much that even former dupes were enabled to see

the hollowness of the things put before them. It is true that occasional attempts were made to revive the Crusades, but the religious spark had died out, and no attempts to kindle it were ever successful; nor did the results prove that the Holy Wars were ever justified in the beginning, or productive of any good effect in their termination.

THE END.





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